The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* April *will be noticed in the* May *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th May, *in the* June *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

The daily papers took almost no notice of M. Stephane Mallarmé's visit to England; but, as a matter of fact, he had a more distinguished reception at both the Universities than had his *confrère*, M. Paul Verlaine. M. Mallarmé's visit to London was but a flying one; still he took the opportunity to look up his old friends, to whom he described himself as greatly pleased by the welcome extended to him both at Oxford and Cambridge. In person M. Mallarmé is short and rather stout, with greyish-black hair, and a laughing eye. He is full of humour and good spirits, and has no heart for the literary affectations of the *décadent*, about whom he has many amusing anecdotes. It is not improbable that M. Mallarmé will print his address, which was concerned with the relations between literature and music.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson has sent to Mr. Crockett a beautiful poem as a contribution to the large illustrated edition of the 'Stickit Minister,' which Mr. Unwin is issuing in the autumn. The poem consists of four stanzas and expresses Mr. Stevenson's haunting sense of what he has lost by dwelling within the "circles of the sea." He yearns for his "hills of home, And the homes of the dead and vanished races." He hears the sough of winds "austere and pure." Stevenson, indeed, never wrote any more touchingly simple and beautiful verses.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden will shortly publish a new novel of 'The Yellow Aster' and 'A Superfluous Woman' type. It will be published anonymously or under a pseudonym, but it is by a new writer, and an Irishwoman. The title will in all probability be 'A Sunless Heart,' though this is not finally fixed.

There is a report current that 'A Superfluous Woman,' concerning the authorship of which there have been so many speculations, is the work of a dignitary of the Church of very high official position. The statement, however, has not received authoritative corroboration.

Mr. Barrie has now written about two-thirds of his new novel. So far it is almost entirely a study in child life.

The first American edition of Miss Barlow's 'Irish Idylls,' issued by Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co., has been exhausted, and they are about to issue a second. They are also to publish an American edition of 'Bogland Studies.' Mr. Dodd is coming over to London in the spring. A new one-volume story by Miss Jane Barlow, author of 'Irish Idylls,' will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in the autumn.

Mr. Walter Raymond, of Yeovil ("Tom Cobbleigh"), is contributing another volume to Mr. Fisher Unwin's very successful Pseudonym Library. The book, which has already appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, is entitled 'Young Sam and Sabina,' and will probably appear in May.

Dr. Conan Doyle is expected to return from Davos to England in about three weeks. Mrs. Doyle's health has greatly improved by her stay in the Engadine.

Mr. and Mrs. Kipling, who have been for the past month in the Bermudas, have now returned to their home in Brattleboro', Vermont.

George MacDonald has just completed another novel, which we may expect ere long to appear in serial form in one of the monthlies.

A new publisher is to start, Mr. Doubleday. And from what we hear his business will be conducted with great spirit. He is to commence with a series of novels, among the contributors to which will be some of the most popular writers of the day.

We greatly regret to hear of the death of James Montgomery Bailey, formerly well known as the Danbury Newsman. He died at Danbury on March 4th, aged 53 years. After the close of the war he purchased the Danbury *Times*, which he conducted until he acquired the Danbury *Jeffersonian*. In 1870 he consolidated the two papers under the name of the Danbury *News*, and soon raised his journal to a high position. To our thinking, he never got justice either in England or America. His books were recently not in print here, although at one time they had a pretty large circulation. He was in some ways the ablest of the American humourists, as his book, 'England from a Back Window,' which is not half so well known as it ought to be, conclusively shows. Mr. Bailey had to bear a great sorrow in the

insanity of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. This ended his career as a humourist, but he continued to work his journals till, we believe, very near the end. In September, 1883, he started the *Evening News*. We cannot but think that an enterprising publisher might well issue a complete edition of his works. Two moderately sized volumes would include enough to keep his name in remembrance.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, after a protracted silence as a poet, will issue a new volume of verses in the autumn. It is nine years since Mr. Gosse's last book of poems, 'Firdausi in Exile,' was published; and during that time his name has been appended to many beautiful lyrics in the *Athenæum* and other literary papers. His new book will be published by Mr. Heinemann. We understand, by-the-bye, that Mr. Gosse will also contribute two poems to the forthcoming quarterly, the *Yellow Book*.

Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, who is installed as art-editor of the *Yellow Book*, has had, it seems, a picturesque career. Though still not much over twenty, he has had many rebuffs before entering the profession of his choice. He began life as an illustrator, but was subsequently bound down to an office-desk, for which he had but little taste. At last he determined to make one more bold bid for artistic repute, with the result that within a few months his originality has been widely recognised, and he is now one of the most conspicuous figures in the field of promise. Already he is beginning to demand his own price for his work.

That promising writer, Mr. Anthony Hope, has just finished a new novel, which is considered to be an advance on any of his former successes. It will be published in the spring by Mr. Arrowsmith.

Mr. Joseph Pennell is meditating another artistic journey to South-Eastern Europe to pursue the gypsies to their haunts, and to do for them what he did for the Jews of the Austrian towns. Mr. Pennell leaves for Budapest at the end of the month. By the way, it does not seem as if the League of the Illustrators was to do much to prevent wicked publishers from trafficking in blocks and exchange *cliches*. We observe that the sketches of the high priest of the guild are being very much used in various quarters. Mr. Pennell is being wounded in the house of his friends. But he is a long-suffering man and bears no malice.

The granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Hildegarde Hawthorne, is about to publish her first book. It is to be called 'The Fairest of the Fair,' and is to contain a record of her experiences in Chicago last summer.

Dr. Blake Odgers, Q.C., has given an opinion to the Authors' Society, in which he judges that any number of persons may publish in any kingdom independent translations of any book first published in England or in Russia without the leave of the author or other owner of the copyright of the original, because the law does not recognise the existence in England of any authorised translation of a book which was first published here or in Russia.

The illustrations to Mr. George Milner's 'Studies on the Coast of Arran' have been done by Mr. Johnson in a somewhat unusual manner. He has taken each section of Mr. Milner's text to the spot and drawn the illustrations with his eye upon the author's interpretation of nature. The book is being beautifully produced by Messrs. Longmans, and will be ready in the autumn.

An interesting letter signed Caroline H. Dall on "Scott's First Love" is published in the *Nation*. It is obviously not correct in several particulars. The letter says:

"It was not only a mystery but a tragedy which altered Scott's whole life, and made possible its sorrowful close. Whoever wishes to see her beautiful face and learn what the Forbeses are willing to tell, will find it in the 'Life of Principal Forbes of St. Andrews,' published a few years since.

"If I could remember as completely and satisfactorily as I can forget, I could give you the minutest details of the story, but of what follows I am sure. Coming out of church in Edinburgh one summer's day, Scott found himself confronted by a heavy shower. After his canny fashion, he had his umbrella under his arm; but near him, under the porch, stood a delicate young girl, thinly dressed and entirely unprotected. It was supposed that the shower would pass, but the rain grew heavier and heavier. They had chatted as they waited, and at last Scott timidly offered her his umbrella. It was discovered that their paths lay in the same direction, and his offer was accepted on condition that he should himself carry it. On the way it was discovered that the mother of Scott and the mother of the lady had been intimate friends in their early life, but had lost sight of each other. This naturally led to further intercourse, which continued for about three years. Scott was infatuated from the first, and always believed he should win the lady, until the appearance of the man she married. She hesitated long, but finally decided as we know. In a fit of mingled pique and pride, Scott hastened away, and offered himself at once to the young French girl whom he hardly knew, having danced with her once at a ball.

"I learned these particulars (and I have them in writing) from a dear friend, who had been also the friend of Scott, of the Forbeses, and of the whole set to which they belonged, as well as Dr. Brown and 'Pet Marjorie.' Many are the precious letters that I have read touching on this matter.

"It was the opinion of the whole circle that Scott's impetuous nature needed precisely the balance that this lady would have given it. If he had married her, Abbotsford would never have been built, and his sweet and cordial nature would never have known the tortures of bankruptcy."

Mr. W. W. Yates, of Dewsbury, who has been largely instrumental in founding the Brontë Museum at Bradford, will contribute to an early number of the *New Review* an article on certain relics of the Brontë family, which will ultimately form part of the collection. Photographs of the relics will illustrate the letterpress.

Mr. Howells' father is to publish 'Recollections of Life in Ohio from 1813 to 1840.' The volume will be introduced by his son and ought to be very interesting.

The three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the publishing house of Josef Kösel at Kempten, Bavaria, was celebrated last September, and the proceedings have been published. It was founded by Erhard Blarer von Wartensee, an abbot-prince of Kempten, and its specialty is Roman Catholic devotional books. Doubtless it is the oldest publishing house in the world.

Paris critics are much exercised just now as to whether that strange *ragoût*, 'Iseyl,' is sacrilegious or not. The characters in the drama are members of the Holy Family and others, disguised as Hindus of the sixth century B.C. M. Armand Silvestre, the principal author, prides himself on being a cross between Boccaccio and Wagner, and Iseyl herself runs the gamut from sin to penitence, somewhat as Kundry does in 'Parsifal.'

A long time ago, at one of the social gatherings at the house of Mr. Howells, Professor Fiske got so deep in the discussion of the origin of Mother Goose rhymes that his host suggested that he should write a paper on the subject for the *Atlantic*. Professor Fiske wrote one and then another, and they became the nucleus of his first book, 'Myths and Myth-Makers.'

The present Count Murat, a grand-nephew of Napoleon's King of Naples, is editing a number of his uncle's papers, which are said to throw new light on many persons who belong to the Napoleonic drama. He came into possession of the papers through the will of Count de Morbourg, who was a friend of the King of Naples.

Mr. Frederick Simpson, who has written a collection of drawing-room dialogues shortly to be issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin, is, we understand, an architect of considerable performance, who lives in one of the old, oak-panelled houses that abound in the quarter of Westminster behind the Abbey. Mr. Simpson has long been interested in the drama and in literature, but this, it seems, is his first book.

The proprietors of 'The English Library' have secured the continental copyright in Madame Sarah Grand's immensely successful novels, 'The Heavenly Twins' and 'Ideala,' the former of which will be issued immediately.

The American papers say that Mrs. Langtry is at work upon a novel which she proposes to write, publish, advertise, and circulate herself.

Mr. Stead's new book about Chicago is advertised in great style in America. We take a short specimen from the announcement:—

BOOKBUYERS ... BOOKSELLERS
LOOK OUT FOR THE

Greatest Sensation

OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

The Famous Editor of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS

WM. T. STEAD

OF LONDON

The most remarkable figure of reform in modern civilization, whose books have been sold all over the English-speaking world
BY MILLIONS

Has Written this Book for America

SELECTING CHICAGO AS THE TYPICAL CITY OF CORRUPTION AND OF GREATNESS

Truths are told as they have not been told since **CHRIST CAME TO PALESTINE.** All the evils known to modern life are scotched like vipers and their chief abettors are named openly without regard to person or consequences.

Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., report a profit of £30,051 for the year. The President of the Cassell Publishing Co. in America absconded in June last, leaving that Company liable for nearly £40,000 fraudulent bills. But it is estimated that Messrs. Cassell, Ltd., will lose only £2,000, and the sum is to be charged to the Reserve Fund, leaving it at £26,500. £5,000 of the Company's Debentures matured in December last and were paid off. The Chairman, Mr. R. Turner, said that the trade for the year had been seriously affected by the prevailing depression in this country as well as in America and Australia. But the American sales were only £616 less than the last year, and the sales in 1893 registered a decline of less than 3 per cent. In the speeches which followed great satisfaction was expressed at the manner in which a difficult year had been passed through, and sanguine hopes were expressed as to the Company's future, a speedy return to a dividend of 10 per cent. or even more being confidently predicted.

Book sales in Chicago are said to amount to 3,000,000 dollars a year.

Josiah Flynt, whose articles on tramp life will be familiar to readers of *The Century*, is engaged in writing a book of tramp experiences and adventures.

Brentano's *Book Chat* has been discontinued, and its subscription list will be filled by the *Literary News*.

The *Nation* complains of the "low standard" in English illustrated journalism, which it says is the "outcome of the average English editor's preference for cheapness."

The *Arena* (Boston) hereafter will contain monthly 144 pages instead of 128, making it the largest monthly review published. The February number contains 164 pages.

The long-promised novel of Miss Menie Muriel Dowie (Mrs. Norman) approaches completion, and may be looked for about the autumn. It will probably go to press as soon as the author has satisfied herself with the concluding chapters.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. W. F. Poole, the most famous of American librarians, and the editor of the great Periodical Index. In the Athenæum at Boston, the Public Library in Cincinnati, the Public and Newbury Libraries, Chicago, he did much both for scholars and the common people. He was more than an expert in Bibliography. As a historical critic and a writer in early Puritan history he took a high place. His character was exceptionally admirable and amiable, and he had a vast host of warm friends. Mr. Poole was a man of strong religious feeling and a member of the Congregational Church, Evanstown. He was buried at Salem, Mass., his native place.

Some of the friends of the late Theodore Child have raised 710 dols. to be used for a memorial of him. It has been sent to the American Presbyterian Mission in Tabriz, Persia, where Mr. Child was cared for during his illness with the cholera. Probably it will be used to establish a hospital room, or bed, to be known by his name.

One of the strongest individualities among the French sociologists of the day is M. Hamon, the author of 'Psychologie du Militaire Professional,' and various other books and pamphlets of social interest. He is an advanced thinker all round, but into no subject has he put so much enthusiasm as into his attack on the military spirit. He is

not content with showing, like Madame von Suttner and Verestschagin, the wide-spread and the intimate horrors of war, nor is he chiefly concerned with proving, like most of the leaders of our peace societies, the waste of national wealth and strength which war entails. M. Hamon's assertion is that the army does not bestow on its members those moral benefits which it is generally believed to do—self-respect, self-control, honourable tradition, and the instinct of patriotism—but that on the contrary that it is hurtful to the soldiers, morally, physically, and mentally, stupefying and brutalising them. He upholds his statements by examples, for which he gives chapter and verse, mainly taken from recent campaigns; and whether his case, after careful examination, be judged strong or weak, his is a tremendous indictment of militarism.

M. Hamon is an unconventional criminologist. He has concerned himself with the history and the statistics of crime, in a scientific spirit. But crime has not for him the meaning it bears in the code and the police courts. In his pamphlet, 'De la Definition du Crime' (Storck, Lyon), he has made a bold and original attempt to define crime for purposes of scientific investigation, and he is not intimidated by the thought that his definition renders criminal a considerable part of the so-called respectable conduct of society, for in the present condition of things he does not feel justified in condemning individuals for their infringement of the stricter code, being content to attack them collectively rather.

Along with M. Bachot has been done some of M. Hamon's most notable work, the compilation of 'La France Sociale et Politique' (Savine). Our Year-books are mostly colourless things, without further purpose than the giving of convenient information. M. Hamon's is quite other, consisting of short extracts from newspapers, with running commentaries which, month by month, give a graphic picture of political and social France, with side-lights, too, on literary or artistic movements of permanent interest. M. Hamon's methods are a trifle sensational. The winter months, for instance, are marked by terrible tales of cold, hunger, want of employment, misery, starvation, as well as by the accounts of social splendours, gorgeous dresses, feasts, and fashionable weddings. You are enabled to look at pictures of the various sides of a movement, as seen by the various participators in it, and if the commentary has a bias, it is a very distinct one. M. Hamon's theories are not at all insidious. The method of the Year-book may be sensational, but the facts have evidently been well authenticated, and the volumes of 'La France Sociale et Politique' will be a mine of information for future historians.

CHARLES LAMB'S SONNET.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Sir,—Mr. F. S. Ellis is quite wrong in supposing that the Miss Sarah Burney alluded to in the sonnet of Charles Lamb's which I was fortunate enough to unearth was the daughter of the Rev. Charles Burney. There cannot be any doubt that she is the original of "Emily" in the well-known essay of Elia, 'The Wedding,' and that therefore she was the daughter of Admiral Burney. Canon Ainger, in his note on the above essay, tells us that she married her cousin, John Payne, in April, 1821, and this is supported by a letter from Leigh Hunt to Vincent Novello, printed in the Cowden Clarkes' 'Recollections of Writers.'

"To V. N. (favoured by Mrs. Payne),
"Florence, Sept. 9th, 1823.

"My dear Novello,—You must not imagine I am going to send you all the pleasant people I may happen to meet with; but I could not resist the chance of introducing you to the grand-daughter of Dr. Burney, daughter of Captain Cooke's [*sic*] Burney, niece of Evelina's and Camilla's Burney, friend of Charles and Mary Lamb . . . who is also a singer and pianoforte player."

Mr. Ellis does not give the date of Lamb's letter mentioning *Mrs. Payne's* kindness to Mary while in France, and I have not been able to find it; but a person who undoubtedly did show her great attention at that period was John Howard Payne, the American dramatic author, who was, I think, a different individual to Sarah Burney's husband.
—Your obedient servant, W. H. Covington.
Junior Athenæum Club.

RECENT BOOK SALES.

The season 1893-4 has opened very tamely, but few books of any importance having as yet occurred for sale, and no library of the least note is as yet included in any of the auctioneers' announcements. The only collection which attracted any public attention was that of Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, whose Books and Manuscripts were sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge on November 23rd and 24th. From that, and other minor sales, the following interesting items have been selected:—

Browning (R.). Sordello, first edition, bds. uncut. 1840. £3.

Bunyan (John). The Water of Life, or a discourse showing the richness and glory of the Grace and Spirit of the Gospel, first edition, morocco extra, g. e. 1688. £3 12s. 6d.

Burton (Robert). The Anatomy of Melancholy, what it is, with all its kinds, causes, symptoms, prognostickes, and several cures of it, by Democritus Junior, with a satyrical preface, first edition, fine copy, morocco extra, g. e., small 4to. Oxford, 1621. £13 15s.

Byron (Lord). English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, first edition, uncut, boards broken. J. Cawthorn (1809). £2 10s.

Byron (Lord). Bride of Abydos, a Turkish Tale, first edition, original wrapper, uncut, some leaves badly water stained. 1813. £2 15s.

Byron (Lord). Deformed Transformed, a drama, first edition, calf extra, t. e. g. uncut. 1824. £3 12s. 6d.
[An extravagant price, considering that the copy was by no means a fine one, and that the book moreover was not in its original covers.]

Chapman (George). Homer Prince of Poets, translated according to the Greeke in twelve books of his Iliads, engraved title by Hole, calf, somewhat cropped, sm. folio. Printed for Samuel Macham (1610). £17 10s.

Coleridge and Lamb. Samuel Daniel's Poetical Works, 1718, 2 vol. The copy formerly belonging to Charles Lamb, and enriched with MSS. Notes by him and his friend Coleridge, and with Three Autograph Letters addressed by the latter to Charles in 1808, and never yet correctly printed, old calf. £13 10s.

Dickens (C.). Sketches by "Boz," 3 vol. first edition, illustrations by G. Cruikshank, red morocco extra, t. e. g. by Riviere, uncut. J. Macrone (1836-7). £17 10s.

Dickens (C.). Bleak House, 1853, first edition, bound in old morocco, plates by Phiz, presentation copy from Dickens to his two daughters, with the following inscription in his autograph on the title-page:—

"Mamey and Katie,
From their affectionate father,
Charles Dickens." £15.

Dickens (C.). To be Read at Dusk, the excessively rare first edition, of which two or three copies only are known to exist, red morocco super extra, uncut, by Zaehnsdorf. 1852. £5 7s. 6d.
[One of the most uncommon of Dickens's minor pieces. An account of the pamphlet was given by Mr. Plumptre Johnson in a letter printed in the *Athenæum*, May 16th, 1891. The present example was a poor one, and washed throughout. A fine copy was priced £25 in a recent bookseller's catalogue.]

Goldsmith (O.). The Deserted Village, a Poem, vignette on title, first edition, fine large, but cut copy, unbound, having been taken out of a volume of quarto pamphlets. 1770. £17 10s.
[This is the highest price that a cut copy has yet realised at auction.]

Goldsmith (Oliver). The Vicar of Wakefield; a Tale, supposed to be written by himself, 2 vol. first edition, sound and clean copy in crimson morocco, super extra, g. e. by F. Bedford. Salisbury, B. Collins for F. Newbery, 1766. £54.

Gray (Thomas). An Elegy, wrote in a Country Church Yard, fine copy, morocco, super extra, uncut, by Riviere and Son, first edition, excessively rare. (London: Printed for R. Dodsley in Pall Mall; and sold by M. Cooper in Pater-noster-Row, 1751. Price Six-pence.) £70.
[Only one other uncut copy is known.]

Grimm (M. M.). German Popular Stories, 2 vol. first edition, beautiful impressions of the etchings by George Cruikshank, fine copy in brown morocco, super extra, g. e. by Riviere and Son. C. Baldwyn, 1823, and J. and J. Robins, 1826. £33 10s.

Lamb (Charles). Prince Dorus, or Flattery put out of Countenance, a Poetical Version of an Ancient Tale, illustrated with a series of nine elegant engravings, first edition, edges much cut, and the margins of several leaves repaired, but on the whole a fine copy, original covers preserved, morocco extra, tooled sides, g. e. by Rivière, very rare. M. J. Godwin, Juvenile Library, 1811. £15 15s.

Lamb (Charles). Prince Dorus, or Flattery put out of Countenance, a Poetical Version of an Ancient Tale, illustrated with coloured plates, original printed wrapper, the second issue. M. J. Godwin, 1818. £13 5s.

Lamb (Charles). Elia, 1823—Last Essays of Elia, 1833; 2 vol. first editions, original boards, uncut. 1823-33. £28.

Lamb (C.). John Woodvil, to which are added Fragments of Burton, first edition, original boards uncut, but in rough condition, and with the title-page considerably mended, rare. 1802. £1 11s.

Milton (John). Paradise Regain'd, a Poem in Four Books, to which is added Samson Agonistes, first edition, fine copy, morocco, g. e. by Riviere. 1671. £11 10s.

Ruskin (J.). Seven Lamps of Architecture, first edition, illustrations by the author, original binding, plates foxed, and the cloth covers much damaged. 1849. £3 10s.

[The first edition of "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" is an object of particular interest to the collector, the plates having been etched as well as drawn by the author. They were cancelled in every subsequent edition.]

Shakespeare (W.). Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice, first edition, fine and large copy, brown morocco extra, g. e., 4to. Printed by J. Roberts, 1600. £90.

[Although not so stated in the catalogue, a portion of the last leaf was in *fac-simile*. The fault, however, was noticed before the book was put up, hence the comparatively small sum obtained for it. The Cosens copy, a perfect one, brought £270. Had the present example been also perfect, an equal price would certainly have been realised.]

Shelley (P. B.). Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude, and other Poems, first edition, original boards, uncut. 1816. £8 8s.

Shelley (P. B.). The Cenci, a Tragedy in Five Acts, portraits of Shelley and Leigh Hunt added, first edition, half morocco extra, t. e. g. uncut. Italy, 1819. £6.

Wordsworth (William). An Evening Walk, an Epistle in Verse, addressed to a Young Lady from the Lakes, first edition, very fine uncut copy, extremely rare in this state. 1793. £22.

Wordsworth (William). Descriptive Sketches in Verse, during a Pedestrian Tour in the Alps, first edition, very fine uncut copy, extremely rare in this state. 1793. £26.
[The present is the first occasion upon which uncut copies of these volumes have appeared in the auction-room.]

T. J. Wise.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Feb. 19 to March 17, 1894.

The demand for Lent literature having been supplied, trade has quieted down considerably, though still as good as is usual at this time of the year. There will probably be a further drop after Easter, followed by an improvement as the second school term draws near.

The wholesale bookseller is sometimes called a middleman. This is not a happy expression and it conveys a wrong idea, especially to the public generally. It would simply be impossible for the retail bookseller—the country bookseller especially—to write direct for every line he required, even if he knew where it was published. Then the cost of carriage would be perfectly ruinous. Further, publishers find that their publications, through the so-called middleman, reach remote places in the country, in which the books would otherwise probably never be known, much less stocked.

The feature of the public taste noticeable at the moment of writing this article is the demand for books dealing with our railways, not merely their history, but their working with details of locomotives and rolling stock generally. Appended is a list of some of the more popular publications of this kind, many of which have already gone through several editions. Mr. Pendleton's work bids fair to be the standard Railway History.

British Locomotives. By C. J. B. Cooke. 7s. 6d.
Our Railways, their Origin, Development, etc. By J. Pendleton. 2 vols. £1 4s.
British Railways. By J. P. Pattinson. 12s. 6d.
The Working and Management of an English Railway. By G. Findlay. 2s. 6d.
Round the Works of our Great Railways. 3s. 6d.
The Railways of England. By W. M. Acworth. 14s.

All these are well illustrated.

With the advent of spring come enquiries for works dealing with country life. The trade should see that Gilbert White, J. G. Wood, Richard Jefferies, and other lovers of nature are well represented, in their stocks, not overlooking a delightful work, being issued in monthly instalments, entitled, 'The Country Month by Month.'

The attention now being paid to Technical Education in Board Schools has caused much enquiry for books on woodworking. Many are issued, and being, in most instances, illustrated from photographs, show exacly the manner of holding and using the various tools. Such books must be indispensable to every instructor.

Among novels, 'The Heavenly Twins,' by Sarah Grand, heads the 6s. division, and 'Ships that pass in the Night,' by B. Harraden, is the 3s. 6d. favourite. The demand for these two publications keeps up wonderfully. 'Dodo,' 6s., and 'The Gentleman of France,' 6s. are also going freely. 'Barabbas,' by Marie Corelli, just issued in the 6s. form (it has gone through four editions in 3 vols.) is attracting much notice.

The Colonial market keeps up well, and Australia is certainly improving. There is a good enquiry from Japan for sound technical and scientific works, those dealing more especially with manufactures. Judging from previous experience there should be some good repeat orders when the shipments in question have been distributed and, it is hoped, appreciated.

The quantity of magazine literature devoured by the reading public is simply prodigious. What would they think if told that several monthly publications circulate to such an extent, that each issue is several tons? On the other hand, one wonders how scores of the periodicals are kept alive from month to month.

The best selling books are principally good novels, as will be seen from the list appended:—

Dodo. By E. F. Benson. 6s.
Ships that pass in the Night. By B. Harraden. 3s. 6d.
Gentleman (A) of France. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Heavenly Twins (The). By Sarah Grand. 6s.
Our Manifold Nature. By Sarah Grand. 6s.
Bunyan Characters. By Dr. A. Whyte. 2nd series. 2s. 6d.
Addresses to Working Men. By Canon Hole. 6s.
Keynotes. By G. Egerton. 3s. 6d.
Big Game Shooting (Badminton Library). 2 vols. 10s. 6d. each.
Pitt. By Lord Rosebery. 2s. 6d. (Twelve English Statesmen.)
Way (The) they Loved at Grimpat. By E. R. Esler. 3s. 6d.
Kingdom of God (The) is within you. By Count Tolstoi. 2s. 6d.
Angel of the Revolution. By G. Griffith. 6s.
Raiders (The). By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. 6s.

Summary of the Wholesale Bookselling Trade,
Week ending
Feb. 24, 1894.—Opened with a moderate trade, but became quieter as week went on. Colonies steady with improvement from Australia.
Mar. 3, 1894.—Commenced with a marked improvement which was not sustained. Colonies normal, with Japan improved.
Mar. 10, 1824.—Did not repeat improvement of previous week, but was steady throughout. Colonies a little better, especially Australia.
Mar. 17, 1894.—Same as previous week, but finished very quiet, Colonies steady, Australia still improving.

POETRY.

THE SONG OF THE OLD MOTHER.

I rise at the dawn, and I kneel and blow
Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow,
And then I must mend and bake and sweep
Till stars are beginning to blink and peep;
While the young lie long and dream in their bed
Of the matching of ribbons the blue and the red,
And their day goes over in idleness,
And they sigh if the wind but lift up a tress;
But the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold,
And I must work because I am old.

W. B. YEATS.

[The "seed of the fire" is the Irish phrase for the little fragment of burning turf and hot ashes which remains in the hearth from the day before.]

ALL SOULS' EVE.

I cried all night to you,
I called till day was here,
Perhaps you could not come,
Or were too tired, dear.

Your chair I set by mine,
I made the dim hearth glow,
I whispered, "When he comes
I shall not let him go."

I closed the shutters tight,
I feared the dawn of day,
I stopped the busy clock
That timed your hours away.

Loud howled my neighbour's dog,
O glad was I to hear.
The dead are going by,
Now you will come, my dear,

To take the chair by mine—
Until the cock would crow—
O, if it be you came,
And could not let me know,

For once a shadow passed
Behind me in the room,
I thought your loving eyes
Would meet mine in the gloom.

And once I thought I heard
A footstep by my chair,
I raised my eager hands,
But no sweet ghost was there.

We were too wide apart—
You in your spirit land—
I knew not when you came,
I could not understand.

Your eyes perhaps met mine,
Reproached me through the gloom,
Alas, for me alone
The empty, empty room!
The dead were passing home,
The cock crew loud and clear,
Mavourneen, if you came,
I knew not you were here.

DORA SIGERSON.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. D. S. MELDRUM.

THE author of 'Margrédel,' reviewed in the present number of THE BOOKMAN, is a journalist, and much of what he has written has therefore been published anonymously. He has, however, found time to write some excellent fiction in his own name, besides his recently published novel, and there is reason to think he will write a great deal more.

His first story, "Rathillet," was published in *Blackwood's Magazine* a year or two ago, and has since been reprinted in 'Tales from Blackwood.' Mr. Meldrum adds his testimony to that of many other young authors as to the courtesy and encouragement with which his work was treated by Mr. Blackwood. The 'Story of Margrédel' was accepted by the same magazine, and has just been reprinted in volume form. Some months after his first story was published, Mr. Meldrum left business in which he was engaged in Scotland, and threw himself into journalistic work in London, in association with Mr. W. E. Hodgson. For two years he edited *Rod and Gun*, and under both Mr. Alfred Austin and Mr. Hodgson was a regular contributor to the *National Review*, the article "Among the Books" being entrusted to him. Some of his short stories were published in the same periodical, and one of them, "A Comedy of Courtship," was included in a volume of stories reprinted from the *Review*. Mr. Meldrum has besides contributed largely to other magazines and newspapers. Another one-volume novel from his pen, 'A Grey Romance,' was published recently by Messrs. Allen.

Mr. Meldrum is a Fife man, and all his stories are of The Kingdom o' Fife, which he calls "a wonderful county," and which certainly has a very distinct character of its own. It was always in the van of civilisation, and so, although full of relics of historic interest, it scarcely holds so many traditions of troublous times as other parts of Scotland. It is essentially a picturesque county, for in it are Falkland, Dunfermline, St. Andrews, and Magus Muir, but most of the colour of its history is derived from the individuality of its burgh life.

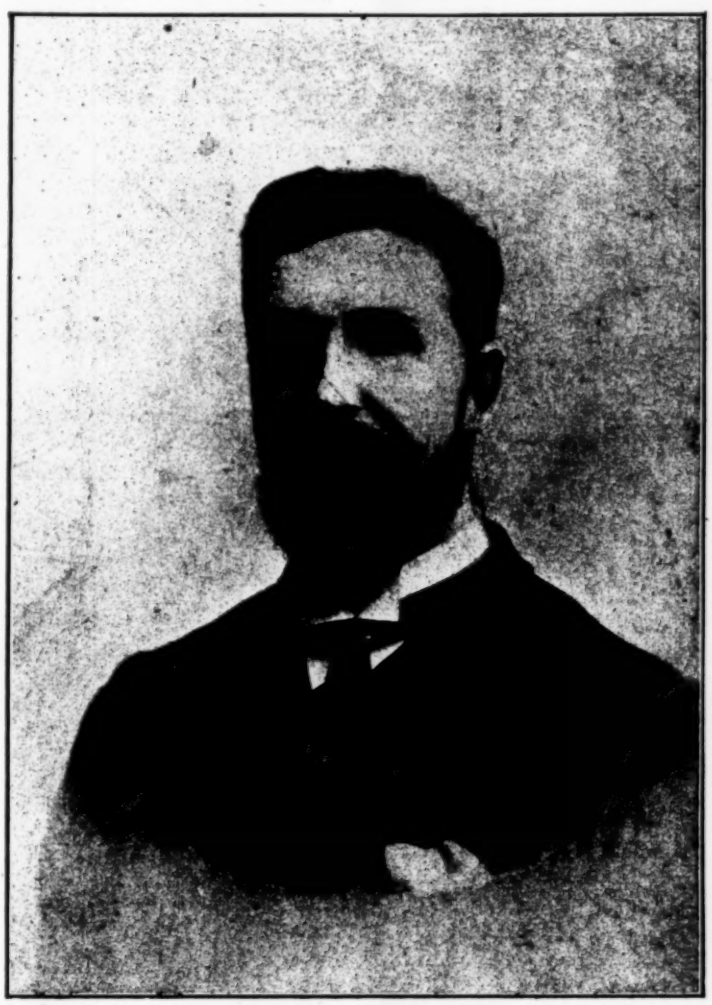
MR. S. R. CROCKETT.

TO-DAY Galloway lies calm and quiet—only distressed by the fall in agricultural values and the fact that she does not understand the interest in Mr. Crockett's stories of the past. These have hitherto slept quietly in Nicholson and Murray, and been talked of in the herd's cot among the hills. It seems impossible that such things should attract attention at a time when Castle Douglas is pulling down her auction marts and building greater.

Mr. Crockett was born at the little farmhouse of Duchrae (about a mile from the present New Galloway Station), somewhere about the end of the year 1859. The Duchrae folk are not yet forgotten in the parish, though the little

thin-soiled farm has been twenty-five years in the hands of others. Patient, quiet, "nurtured and admonished in the Lord," these douce Cameronians fulfilled their daily toil, and on Sabbath rattled solemnly off to the Kirk at Castle Douglas nine miles away, in order that, in Mr. Barrie's characteristic phrase, they might hear the Gospel properly preached.

From the farm the future author of "The Raiders," went to the little school at Lawrieston, at which tradition says he was a somewhat irregular and truant-playing scholar. About 1868 Mr. Crockett's family had to leave the farm and go to Castle-Douglas to reside in a little white house in a side street, which they occupy to this day.



MR. S. R. CROCKETT.

There was an excellent school at Castle Douglas at that time called the Free Church Institution. The master was one to whom many have professed great obligations, the late John Cowper who died some years ago as Lecturer on English at Moray House, Normal College, in Edinburgh. Mr. Crockett was pupil teacher in this school for some years, teaching privately as well as in the evening in the houses of the burgesses.

In 1876 Mr. Crockett came to Edinburgh University, having obtained a good bursary. He was then hardly sixteen, and he remained there for some years. He then went abroad to travel first with one pupil and then with another, in time taking in the whole of Europe, with parts of North Africa and Asia.

During the whole of this time from 1885 onwards, Mr. Crockett wrote verses on all subjects, which appeared duly in various Scottish papers. Most of these were collected into a volume of verse issued by Messrs. Kegan, Paul, Trench and Co., under the title of 'Dulce Cor,' the poems of Ford Bereton. This book bore date, 1886, but was really ready a year before. A very scarce little pamphlet was also published by Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, but apparently no copies were ever sold.

Mr. Crockett went to Penicuik in 1886 immediately after completing his theological course, and has remained minister of that little hillside village ever since. In 1887 he married the daughter of George Milner, author of 'Country Pleasures' and 'Studies on the Coast of Arran.'

The 'Stickit Minister' was begun casually in 1891, previous to which the author had written no prose, finished in 1892, and published in March, 1893. It has since gone through six editions. 'The Raiders' was written from old Galloway traditions and most of the incidents are perfectly true. Captain Yawkins was the quite real name of a quite real character. His cramming of his wig into a great gun and shooting it on board his pursuer, which has been variously represented as having been copied from Scott, from Stevenson, and from Charles Reade, actually took place at the mouth of the Dee. Much of the story is familiar to every student of Galloway traditions, and Mr. Crockett's true *Quellen* may be found in a rough but precious volume of 'Galloway Legends,' published by William Nicholson at Kirkcudbright, about 1840. Still more must have been derived from old dwellers in the wild uplands about the "springs of Dee." Few books are less original than 'The Raiders' in so far that almost every prominent incident has been taken from contemporary sources, and in the main is true. Joseph Train supplied Scott with much of the information about the Galloway gypsies, to be found in that admirable "Additional Note of Galwegian Localities and personages which have been supposed to be alluded to in the word," which seems, most strangely, wholly to have escaped the attention of critics of 'The Raiders.' Scott, who was ignorant of Galloway, obtained all his material from the 'Castle Douglas Exciseman,' and in this interesting chapter we have with fair accuracy the stories of Captain Yawkins and his lugger *The Black Prince*, the fight with the two cutters, the incident of the wig, the lingtowmen, the smugglers, the great caird, Willie Marshall, the Faas of Yetholm, and the king of the gypsies. But much more may also be found in the scarce 'Life of Train' and in his invaluable and delightful 'History of the Isle of Man,' in reading which it is very instructive to compare the actual status and history of the Galloway smugglers and gypsies, with the treatment of them in Mr. Crockett's fiction.

THE READER.

DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN GOUGH SQUARE.

IT is said that Gough Square is to be "improved," and that Dr. Johnson's house will go. His old haunts are fast disappearing; you can still sit in his pew it you be so minded, but his Fleet-street has all but vanished. The house in Bolt Court, where he died, the other in Johnson's Court that was his refuge for a time, have both gone. No. 17, Gough Square was his lodging from 1749 to 1759, and would be of very special interest if only for the fact that from it was sent the famous letter to Lord Chesterfield. At least we can suggest an opportunity for protest and appeal to those of our readers interested in the preservation of relics and memories in a forgetful and fast-changing London. If appeal be too late, they will at least have Mr. Railton's picture for a reminder of what was still a spot of pilgrimage in 1894.

MR. GLADSTONE'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO LITERATURE: A CAUSERIE.

MUCH as has been written of late, naturally and appropriately, on Mr. Gladstone and his prolonged career, his biographers and panegyrists appear to have forgotten that he is not only a statesman and an orator, but an author, and one of considerable fertility. To begin with, there are his works on Homer and Hellas, some of them very elaborate. Then there are no fewer than seven volumes of 'Gleanings from Past Years,' mostly contributions to periodicals. Since they were issued in 1879 Mr. Gladstone has written a number of papers, chiefly in the *Nineteenth Century*, not yet collected, and he has published a substantial volume, 'The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture.' Most of his writings deal with topics political, theological, and ecclesiastical, and his treatment of them might well have been commented on by some of the biographers and panegyrists aforesaid, though only occasional references to them are permissible in a literary causerie like the present one. References to them are unavoidable since, even when writing on purely literary themes, Mr. Gladstone is seldom long without "dropping" into politics or theology, especially theology, just as (not to speak it profanely) Mr. Silas Wegg "dropped" into poetry over the Decline and Fall. For instance, Mr. Gladstone thrusts into his Homeric disquisitions statements of his discovery in Homer of the doctrine of the Trinity, among other dogmas, a discovery which was treated as a mare's nest even by his admirer, the late Professor Freeman, who, moreover, described as "monastic" Mr. Gladstone's austere animadversions on the naughty doings of some of the Gods of Olympus. Perhaps it is the intrusion of these and other fanciful theories, along with his general dogmatism of tone, which has prejudiced Homeric experts against him, and led them to overlook what is not only ingenious but instructive and rationally suggestive in Mr. Gladstone's dissertations on Homer, whom he has studied with the minutest and most diligent care, revering him as Dante revered Virgil. His Homeric Primer, in which condensation was forced on him—and there was little room for vagaries—is really an excellent handbook, however disputable some of its statements. But such of our Homerists and Hellenists as Professor Jebb, D. B. Monro, and Andrew Lang appear to have entered into a conspiracy of silence in regard to the results of Mr. Gladstone's long study of Homer, and almost completely ignore them. On the other hand, that Mr. Gladstone has "added not a little to our scientific knowledge of the Homeric poems" is affirmed by that undoubtedly accomplished Homerist and Hellenist, Sir W. D. Geddes, who, formerly Professor of Greek in Aberdeen University, is now its Vice-Chancellor, and who, by the way, was knighted by Mr. Gladstone in 1892. One of the most trenchant verdicts, though it cannot be supposed to be altogether impartial, on Mr. Gladstone's Homeric writings was pronounced by his rival, Lord Beaconsfield. The late Lord Iddesleigh spent a pleasant summer Sunday with Lord Beaconsfield at Hughenden in 1880, after his forced resignation of the Premiership and Mr. Gladstone's accession to it. The afternoon was devoted to politics, but when dinner was over, Lord Iddesleigh records in his diary, "we talked books," adding, "the chief is always at his best in his library and seemed thoroughly to enjoy a good ramble over literature." Homer, and Mr. Gladstone on Homer, being touched on, "the chief," Lord Iddesleigh continues, "was warm against the Homeric unity,"—of which Mr. Gladstone is a champion—"and considered that everything Gladstone had written was wrong." What, everything? But it is only fair to add that the treatment of Homer by his own former chief was impartially censured by Lord Beaconsfield. "He talked of Lord Derby's translation of Homer, and said he had given his opinion against rendering him in blank verse. Pope's style was better suited to it, but was not the right thing. It was ballad poetry. Walter Scott would have done it better than anyone." Probably Lord Beaconsfield was, when he said this, unconscious that he was expressing approval of at least one of the Homeric procedures of his successful political rival. In the volume of 'Translations' (1861) by Mr. Gladstone and his brother-in-law, the late Lord Lyttelton, there are some ten or twelve pages of translations into English verse, by Mr. Gladstone, of stirring episodes in the Iliad, and all of them are in ballad metres, sometimes strongly resembling Sir Walter's in Marmion and the Lay. Mr. Gladstone's versions are very spirited, and are thus in striking contrast to his average prose. Besides other metrical translations into English, by Mr. Gladstone, from Horace, Catullus, Dante, Manzoni, and Schiller, the volume contains a few into Latin, chiefly hexameters, of English poetry. One of these belongs to the earliest of Mr. Gladstone's literary productions, a version of the noble description of Old Rome in 'Paradise Regained.' Another, in the rhymed Latin of the mediæval hymnologists, is a version of the well-known 'Rock of Ages.' One would scarcely have expected a hymn of that stern and uncompromising Calvinist, Augustus Toplady, to be thus favoured by Mr. Gladstone.

In the whole of the seven volumes of Mr. Gladstone's "Gleanings from the Past," there are only three essays dealing with mainly literary subjects, those on Leopardi, Tennyson, and Macaulay. As literature they are far superior to the essays with which they are found in juxtaposition, and which, compared with Mr. Gladstone's oratory, too often remind one of a mineral water after the aërating gas has escaped from it. The essay on Macaulay is the best, in so far as it is the widest, of the three, and is very interesting. Ample justice is done to him both as a man and a writer, though Mr. Gladstone's praise of him is tempered by a good deal of cavil. A statesman writing on Macaulay could hardly avoid politics, but surely theology might have been avoided, and we might have been spared the assertion that there are passages in Macaulay's writings "which suggest the doubt whether he had completely wrought the Christian dogma with all its lessons and all its consolations with the texture of his mind, and whether he had opened for himself the springs of improvement and delight which so many have found and will ever find in it." Mr. Gladstone was in Macaulay's company when he was heard to assert that "the theology of the Seventeenth Article" (on Predestination and Election) "was the same as that of the portentous code framed at Lambeth about the close of the sixteenth century." Well, Mr. Gladstone is not understood to be particularly silent in society, and he might have confuted Macaulay there and

then, without giving himself the trouble of writing and the public the annoyance of reading his assertion that Macaulay's statement was "a paradox which common-sense and established opinion alike reject." It appears that in one of his diaries or letters, not meant for the public eye, Macaulay said: "I have read Augustine's"—not even Saint Augustine's—'Confessions.' The book is not without interest. But he expresses himself in the style of a field preacher." Style is a matter of taste. Mr. Gladstone, however, is even more indignant with this free-and-easy utterance of Macaulay, talking to himself as it were, than with his paradox at some dinner-table about the Seventeenth Article, which he probably little suspected would ever be reported in the *Quarterly Review*. Mr. Gladstone sees in Macaulay's carelessly and privately expressed opinion on St. Augustine's style, "a proof yet more conclusive of a mind in which the theological sense had never yet been trained or developed." There are many admirers of Mr. Gladstone who wish devoutly that in his mind "the theological sense" had not been "trained and developed" to such a degree as to make him lie in wait for indications of its comparative absence from the minds of men who make no pretension to the possession of it at all, and who ought to be judged from a secular not from a "monastic" point of view, to quote once more the epithet which that High Churchman, Professor Freeman, applied to certain of Mr. Gladstone's remarks on the Hellenic mythology. A great deal of Mr. Gladstone's essay on Macaulay is devoted to a refutation of his statements respecting the condition and character of the English clergy of the Restoration period in the celebrated chapter on the social state of England under Charles II. Here undoubtedly Mr. Gladstone was "in his right." Macaulay's was a careful and elaborate sketch, in a great historical work, of an important section of the English community, a section very dear to Mr. Gladstone, who was quite justified in questioning its accuracy by adducing facts and considerations qualifying and modifying it. But because Macaulay made use of Milton's 'Treatise on Christian Doctrine' as a mere peg on which to hang his brilliant essay on the great Puritan poet and the Puritans, was Mr. Gladstone justified in going out of his way to make a vehement attack on Milton for his heterodox views on the marriage tie, and to expound them with the aid of extracts from the Treatise to a world which would otherwise have been almost completely ignorant of them? It is probably no exaggeration to say that not one in a million of the readers of Milton's poetry had ever looked into the 'Treatise on Christian Doctrine' and either knew or cared anything about Milton's views on Divorce, of which Mr. Gladstone was a persistent and even passionate opponent when the Divorce Act was passed by the British legislature. Surely, under these circumstances, lovers of Milton might have been spared the shock given to their feelings when so important a personage as Mr. Gladstone charges the author of 'Paradise Lost' "with conceptions as to the character and office of Christian women, and the laws and institutions affecting them, which descend below historic heathenism and approximate even to brutality."

In his essay on Leopardi Mr. Gladstone expresses a very warm admiration of the poetry of the melancholy and ill-fated half-Byron, half-Shelley, of modern Italy, and exhibits great sympathy with Leopardi as a man. He was both a pessimist and an agnostic, it is true, although at sixteen, in addition to a mastery of classical literature, he was "extensively conversant," Mr. Gladstone is careful to remind us, "at least in certain departments, with the works of the Fathers of the Church." Probably Leopardi did not, like Macaulay, compare St. Augustine to a field preacher, but he profited nothing by the teaching of the Bishop of Hippo. "Wonderful as it may seem," Mr. Gladstone says, "Leopardi's writings in their general effect go as near as human language can or will go to evincing a total disbelief in God, the soul, and immortality." In singular contrast, however, to his criticism of Macaulay's alleged spiritual deficiencies, is Mr. Gladstone's tenderness in dealing with Leopardi's agnosticism. Mr. Gladstone even seems to consider it meritorious in Leopardi that since he could not believe in Christianity he would not believe in anything. This seems to be the only interpretation to be placed on Mr. Gladstone's statement that Leopardi had not "the presumption of those who, having hidden from their view the sun of the Gospel, and created a darkness for themselves, light some farthing candle of their own in its stead," a farthing candle being presumably a metaphor of Mr. Gladstone's for Natural Religion. Mr. Gladstone's essay on Tennyson is eloquent and finely appreciative of the genius of that great poet whose life was as happy as Leopardi's was miserable. Yet even when dilating on the beauty and nobleness, the purity and tenderness, of the late Laureate's exquisite verse, Mr. Gladstone, with his repugnance to what he once called "blood guiltiness," cannot refrain from protesting energetically against the passionate welcome given at the close of 'Maud' by its hero to the Crimean War as likely to purify the social atmosphere at home. There is something almost amusing in the gravity with which Mr. Gladstone opposes to the fervid strophes of the tumultuous young gentleman in 'Maud,' economic facts yielded by a study of the great struggle ended at Waterloo, and puts in the rather prosaic reminder that "before the fall of Napoleon provisions were twice as dear as now; and wages not much more than half as high." It is currently reported that Mr. Gladstone is the author of several tragedies, which are still in MS. If so and should he devote some of his new leisure to preparing them for the press, and give them to the world, it will be curious to see if even they are pervaded by his opinions on politics, theology, and the ethics of social economy.

F. Espinasse.

A SYMBOLICAL DRAMA IN PARIS.

THE scientific movement which has swept away so many religious and philosophical misunderstandings of ancient truth has entered the English theatres, in the shape of realism and Ibsenism, and is now busy playing ducks and drakes with the old theatrical conventions. We no longer believe that the world was made five thousand years ago, and are beginning to suspect that Eve's apple was not the kind of apple you buy at the greengrocer's for a penny, but we have still a little faith in the virtuous hero and the wicked villain of the theatre, and in the world of tricks and puppets which is all that remains of the old romance in its decadence. Outside the theatre science having done its work,

is beginning to vanish into the obscurity of the schools, but inside there is still so much for it to do that many forget how impermanent must be its influence, and how purely destructive its mission there, and write and talk as if the imaginative method of the great dramatists, of Kaladasa, of Sophocles, of Shakespere, and of Goethe was to let its house on a lease for ever to the impassioned realisms of M. Zola and of Dr. Ibsen in his later style, or to the would-be realisms of Mr. Pinero or Mr. Jones. The barricades are up, and we have no thought for anything but our weapons—at least here in England. In France they had their Independent Theatre before we had ours, and the movement which must follow the destructive period has come, it seems, to them already. Those among the younger generation whose temperament fits them to receive first the new current, the new force, have grown tired of the photographing of life, and have returned by the path of symbolism to imagination and poetry, the only things which are ever permanent. The puppet plays of M. Maeterlinck have been followed by a still more remarkable portent. Thirty thousand francs and enthusiastic actors have been found to produce the 'Axel' of his master, Villiers De L'isle Adam. On February the 26th a crowded audience of artists and men of letters listened, and on the whole with enthusiasm, from two o'clock until ten minutes to seven to this drama, which is written in prose as elevated as poetry, and in which all the characters are symbols and all the events allegories. It is nothing to the point that the general public have since shown that they will have none of 'Axel,' and that the critics have denounced it in almost the same words as those in which they denounce in this country the work of Dr. Ibsen, and that they have called the younger generation both morbid and gloomy. That they would do so was obvious from the first, for to them the new dramatic art is "like a lawyer serving a writ," and must be for a good while to come. One fat old critic who sat near me, so soon as the Magician of the Rosy-Cross, who is the chief person of the third act, began to denounce the life of pleasure and to utter the ancient doctrine of the spirit, turned round with his back to the stage and looked at the pretty girls through his opera-glass. One can well imagine his feelings, at least if they were at all like those which an elderly English critic would feel under like circumstance. Have we not proved, he doubtless thought, that nothing is fit for the stage except the opinions which everybody believes, the feelings which everybody shares, the wit which everybody understands? and yet, in spite of all we have done, they have brought Dr. Ibsen and the intellect on to the boards, and now here comes Villiers De L'isle Adam and that still more unwholesome thing the soul. I don't know which of the criticisms that I have read was by my fat old neighbour, but really he might have written any of them, even those by men supposed to be "advanced." Revolutions have notoriously eaten their own children, and the imaginative movement can do no other than be the death of the merely analytic and rationalistic critics who have made it possible by clearing away the rubbish and the wreckage of the past.

M. Paul Verlaine says of a type of woman common in the works of Villiers De L'isle Adam, "Villiers conjures up the spectre of a mysterious woman, a queen of pride, who is mournful and fierce as the night when it still lingers though the dawn is beginning, with reflections of blood and of gold upon her soul and her beauty." In the play Sara, a woman of this strange Medusa-like type, comes to the castle of a Count Axel, who lives in the Black Forest studying magic with Janus, a wizard ascetic of the Rosy Cross. When she arrives he has already refused first the life of the world, typified by the advice of a certain "commander" his cousin, the life of the spiritual intellect labouring in the world but not of it, as symbolized by the teaching and practice of the adept Janus; and she herself has refused the religious life as symbolized by the veil of the nun. In a last great scene they meet in a vault full of treasure—the glory of the world—and avow their mutual love. He first tries to kill her because the knowledge that she is in the world will never let him rest. She throws herself upon his neck and cries, "Do not kill me; what were the use? I am unforgettable. Think what you refuse. All the favour of other women were not worth my cruelties. I am the most mournful of virgins. I think that I can remember having made angels fall. Alas, flowers and children have died in my shadow. Give way to my love. I will teach you marvellous words which intoxicate like the wine of the East. . . . I know the secrets of infinite joys, of delicious cries, of pleasures beyond all hope . . . Oh, to veil you with my hair, where you will breathe the spirit of dead roses." The marvellous scene prolongs itself from wonder to wonder till in the height of his joyous love Axel remembers that this dream must die in the light of the common world, and pronounces the condemnation of all life, of all pleasure, of all hope. The lovers resolve to die. They drink poison, and so complete the fourfold renunciation—of the cloister, of the active life of the world, of the labouring life of the intellect, of the passionate life of love. The infinite is alone worth attaining, and the infinite is the possession of the dead. Such appears to be the moral. Seldom has utmost pessimism found a more magnificent expression.

The final test of the value of any work of art to our particular needs, is when we place it in the hierarchy of those recollections which are our standards and our beacons. At the head of mine are a certain night scene long ago, when I heard the wind blowing in a bed of reeds by the border of a little lake, a Japanese picture of cranes flying through a blue sky, and a line or two out of Homer. I do not place any part of 'Axel' with these perfect things, but still there are lines of the adept Janus, of the Medusa Sara, which are near them in my hierarchy. Indeed the play throughout gives a noble utterance to those sad thoughts which come to the most merry of us, and thereby robs them of half their bitterness. We need not fear that it will affect the statistics of suicide, for the personages of great art are for the most part too vast, too remote, too splendid, for imitation. They are merely metaphors in that divine argument which is carried on from age to age, and perhaps from world to world, about the ultimate truths of existence. It is not 'Ecclesiastes,' but the sordid and jangled utterance of daily life which has saddened the world. In literature, moreover, it is seldom the sad book, the sad play which corrupts, but rather the cheap laughter, the trivial motive of books and plays which give the mind no trouble. In a decade when

the comic paper and the burlesque are the only things sure to awaken enthusiasm, a grim and difficult play by its mere grimness and difficulty is a return to better traditions, it brings us a little nearer the heroic age.

I hear that there is a chance of 'Axel' being performed in London; if so, I would suggest that the second and third acts be enormously reduced in length. The second act especially dragged greatly. The situation is exceedingly dramatic, and with much of the dialogue left out would be very powerful. The third act, though very interesting, to anyone familiar with the problems and philosophy it deals with, must inevitably as it stands bore and bewilder the natural man, with no sufficient counterbalancing advantage. There was no question of the dramatic power of the other acts. Even the hostile critics have admitted this. The imaginative drama must inevitably make many mistakes before it is in possession of the stage again, for it is so essentially different to the old melodrama and the new realism, that it must learn its powers and limitations for itself. It must also fail many times before it wins the day, for though we cannot hope to ever again see the public as interested in sheer poetry, as the audiences were who tolerated so great a poet, so poor a dramatist as Chapman, it must make its hearers learn to understand eloquent and beautiful dialogues, and to admire them for their own sake and not as a mere pendent to the action. For this reason its very mistakes when they are of the kind made by the promoters of 'Axel' help to change the public mind in the right direction, by reminding it very forcibly that the actor should be also a reverent reciter of majestic words.

W. B. YEATS.

THE WORKS OF CHAUCER.*

THE long-expected edition of Chaucer, of which the first volume lies before us, may not prove to be in all respects the ideal and final edition of our old poet; but it lays all who are concerned with Chaucer studies under a great and lasting obligation. Ever since the appearance of his edition of Langland, in which his unrivalled knowledge of Middle-English was pre-eminently displayed, it has been obvious that the greatest of Middle English poets was destined to be one day edited by him. It is indeed in Middle-English that Professor Skeat's real eminence as a scholar mainly lies; and one need not be very bold to prophesy that he will be remembered by these two classics of English scholarship when his Etymological Dictionary, immense as its services have been and are, is consigned to that limbo of the relatively admirable into which he has now banished his predecessors, Tyrwhitt and Bell.

The greater part of the present volume consists of the 'Minor Poems' already edited by Professor Skeat. In addition, it contains the whole of the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' and an admirably concise, yet complete, summary of the ascertained facts of Chaucer's life. The former is a very valuable piece of work, presenting as it does a text critically emended with great skill from the one extant MS. and the earliest printed edition; while for that portion which is now generally accepted as Chaucer's (v. 1—1705) the French original is printed at the bottom of the page. It would have been instructive had this plan been extended to part at least of the remainder. As it is, the ordinary reader has to take on trust the assurance that the method of translation undergoes at this point a sudden change, becoming at once less accurate and less terse; nor can he verify for himself one of the most striking evidences of changed authorship,—the rendering of the same French word *bouton* "bud" with *botoun* in the one portion (B), and 'knoppe' in the other (A). One may note with interest that it is Chaucer who uses the English, and avoids the borrowed word; and his diction is in other respects more idiomatic and home-bred than that of his successor or successors, whoever they were. The critical grounds for the separation of the three sections of the existing version and the assignment of only the first to Chaucer, are stated with great clearness and force; and as regards the second, at any rate, we need not grudge Professor Skeat the little flourish with which he clinches the discussion: "Repeated investigations made by me during the past thirteen years have always come round to this result, and it is not possible for future criticism to alter it." One misses, however, a reference to the views recently put forward by Professor Lounsbury in his elaborate 'Chaucer Studies.'

The 'Life,' summing up as it does the results of a generation of active and largely rewarded research by many workers, necessarily contains little or nothing that is any longer new. Much of the material it embodies is, however, due to Professor Skeat himself, and the fact that he has always promptly signalised his discoveries as they were made, instead of hoarding them up, must not be allowed to detract from the merits of the book which records, though it cannot be said to disclose, them. We say "material" advisedly; for Professor Skeat would be the first to admit that his 'Life' does not aspire to create out of the mass of biographical fact a picture of the man and the poet such as has been drawn with masterly skill by Ten Brink, or by Lowell. At the close, indeed, he expressly refers the reader to the latter, in a curious abrupt way, as if half conscious that something is wanting which it is not his province to supply. Professor Skeat, like some other editors for the Clarendon Press, inherits the traditional disposition of the older Cambridge school to ignore all literary facts which cannot be measured and grasped, or else, which is very nearly the same thing, to treat them as so obvious that they do not need discussion.

As regards this material itself, little need be said. Prof. Skeat does not always show, in dealing with it, a critical keenness quite equal to his knowledge; and in this respect we cannot but think his Life inferior to the admirable narrative recently given by Mr. Pollard in his Chaucer Primer. Thus his statement that Chaucer's father, born about 1312, was "not married till 1329, or somewhat later" (no very prolonged celibacy), and that "his wife's name was Agnes," leaves the reader to assume as a fact that John and Agnes Chaucer were married by 1330 or thereabouts, and that Geoffrey was their son. But we do not hear of Agnes before 1349, so that she need not have been John's first wife, nor the poet's mother; nor do we know that John's marriage was "a little later" than 1329, our information that he was a bachelor in 1328 being merely a *terminus a quo*. In the famous matter of the Italian journey, again, Professor

* 'The Works of Chaucer.' Edited by W. W. Skeat. Vol. I. (Clarendon Press.)

Skeat is still very confident that Chaucer met Petrarch at Arquà, and obtained from him the Latin version of the story of Griselda which Petrarch sent to Boccaccio about the same time (June, 1373); though he no longer states this as a fact, as he injudiciously did in his edition of the *Clerkes Tale*. The triumphant question, "How else should he have got the MS.?" can certainly not be considered decisive in the case of a scholar like Petrarch, then at the height of his fame, whose writings must have been accessible to a foreigner with money in his pocket in other ways than "as a gift from the author." The truth is, we know far too little of Chaucer's Italian journey, of the society he moved in, of the acquaintances he made, to dogmatise either way. On one or two other points also Professor Skeat assumes, or retains, a somewhat more peremptory (not to say martial) attitude than we think the facts warrant. There is that fine triple roundel *Merciles Beaute*, which we should all like to see proved to be Chaucer's, and which certainly may be his, but not for all the reasons which Professor Skeat adduces. "We at once recognise the Chaucerian phrases, *I do no fors*, and *I counte him not a bene;*" yet these were assuredly no peculium of Chaucer's but phrases in universal use. Nor is it of much moment that the roundel contains the word *sene*, "visible," which Chaucer also uses. It was in such common use that our own "seen" is derived from it instead of from the past participle *y-seyn* (not *y-seen*, as Professor Skeat says, an impossible derivative from the O.E. *ge-segen*). Nor can we admit that the quotation of a line of the roundel by Lydgate is "external evidence in a high degree." Nor, finally, that the reference in it to a phrase in the confessedly familiar *Romaunt of the Rose*, "goes far to prove it" Chaucer's handiwork, for the phrase occurs in that very part of the translation with which, as Professor Skeat has conclusively shown, Chaucer can have had nothing to do. And, were it otherwise, did no one know, love, and quote the *Romaunt* but he? None of these arguments is so persuasive as the fact that no one can read the *Merciles Beaute* without being strongly reminded of Chaucer, and that so consummate a Chaucerian as Professor Skeat is so entirely convinced that it is his, that he has included it in this definition edition of his Works.

We have dwelt, as critics will, upon comparatively minute points; we would not part from the reader without assuring him that he will, notwithstanding, find in this volume, and doubtless also in its successors, immense and prodigal learning, such as probably no other living scholar could have brought to bear, in its full extent, upon the subject. We heartily congratulate Professor Skeat on his having been enabled to complete this prolonged labour, and to bestow a gift of extraordinary value upon all students of that rude yet powerful mediæval tongue from which Chaucer, if no one else, could win sweetness and song and light.

C. H. Herford.

THE FIRST EDITION MANIA.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for March, there appeared an article under the above heading. It is sufficiently characterised by saying that of every six statements made therein, five at least are inaccurate. Space cannot be found for a detailed proof of this assertion, but we give some of the more remarkable of the reviewer's *dicta*, with a statement of the facts opposite to each.

"The first editions of Dickens and Thackeray are no longer the rage of the collecting public, and their decline to what may be termed a common-sense value is a matter for congratulation."

The first editions of Thackeray are more sought after, and are higher in value than ever they were before, and the increase in price is apparent upon every occasion that first-class examples occur for sale.

At first sight the case with Dickens is somewhat different. For *poor* copies of his books the price is rightly declining, but for fine specimens the prices are constantly advancing. The reason is that collectors are acquiring more wisdom, and are refusing to take copies in poor or faulty condition. These latter, not being wanted, naturally fall in value.

"The first edition of 'Pickwick' is of very little account unless it possesses the Buss plates which were cancelled."

The presence or absence of the "Buss" plates makes hardly any appreciable difference in the value of a copy of 'Pickwick.' Examples of this book vary in price from 15s. to £50, and these Buss plates frequently occur in the cheapest copies. The presence of these two plates is one of the least important of the many "points" which have to be considered in valuing 'Pickwick,' and specimens of them can at any time be purchased for a trifling sum.

"It is believed that there are only two or three copies of this wretched little collection [Lamb's 'Poetry for Children'] in existence, but that number more than satisfies the world's needs."

There are *more* than "two or three copies" in existence. *Two* are in the Rowfant Library alone; *three* have been comparatively recently sold by public auction (two in London, and one in the provinces); others are in private hands. There is sufficient demand for the book to absorb still ten or a dozen copies without the price being much influenced.

"A complete set of the first editions of Lamb would cost probably not much under £100."

The first editions of *two alone* of Lamb's books are worth together nearly £100!

"The judicious student will obtain Mr. Shepherd's admirable collected edition for less than half as many pence, and enjoy the possession of a volume of perennial interest."

As reasonably say, "A first folio Shakespeare costs £600, but the 'judicious student' will obtain Dick's edition for 6d., and enjoy," etc. Mr. Shepherd has *never produced* an "admirable collected edition of Lamb."

"Six years ago a £5 note would have purchased a complete set of Scott's novels in the pristine beauty of original boards and uncut edges."

Six years ago an uncut copy of *Waverley* alone could not have been purchased for *two* £5 notes!

"If, as in the case of Robert Browning, there were no collected edition," etc.

There are no less than *three* collected editions of Browning, and the latest of them, in sixteen volumes, contains practically everything the poet ever wrote!

"A privately printed edition [of R. L. Stevenson's *Father Damien* letter] of fifty copies was struck off; only nine were said to be offered for sale in London, at three guineas each."

The copies "offered for sale in London at three guineas each," were the Japanese vellum copies of the regular published edition. The original private issue was never offered for sale at all!

"At the present time a complete set of the first editions of his [Mr. Norman Gale's] booklets is catalogued at £100."

In the current catalogue of Mr. Thomas Carver, of Hereford, a complete set is catalogued at £50. The actual market value of the collection is doubtless represented by a very much smaller sum.

"In 1889 a copy of the first edition of 'Alastor' sold for 15 guineas, but in November last a similar example went for 8 guineas."

The copy of 'Alastor' sold by auction last November was *not* a "similar example" to the one cited as being sold in 1889.

"Half the latter amount [that is, £34] is more than sufficient to purchase a complete set of the first editions of Robert Browning."

'Pauline' is worth something like £100; 'Bells and Pomegranates,' in the eight parts, are worth £15; 'Cleon,' 'The Statue and the Bust,' and 'Gold Hair,' are worth 10 or 12 guineas *each;* 'Paracelsus,' 'Sordello,' and the 'Shelley Essay' are worth £5 *each!* Thus eight (the value of eight) books alone approaches £165, and there remain still some twenty other books beside!

"One of the rarest of Shelley's publications, 'Laon and *Cynthia*' [it may be taken for granted that this is a misprint for *Cythna*], which a few years ago would readily sell for a £10 note, now realises only about 3 guineas."

'Laon and Cythna' is one of the half-dozen of Shelley's books which occur most frequently. At no time would it "readily sell for a £10 note." It has long been worth about 7 guineas, neither more nor less, and that is its present value.

After all, perhaps, the most glaring of these statements is contained in the paragraph devoted to the writings of Mr. Ruskin. We quote the major portion of it:—"The demand for first editions of Mr. Ruskin's works is much less pronounced now than it was a few years ago. Five or six years since a copy of the first edition of the 'Stones of Venice' would not have been reckoned costly at £20. In November, 1892, at Sotheby's, a copy went for £6 17s. 6d. Only one book of Mr. Ruskin keeps up in value, namely 'Modern Painters,' but each volume of this epoch-making book should be of the first impression. Beyond these two exceptions, first editions of 'the Master' are both very cheap and very common. . . . Indeed, with Mr. Ruskin as with Tennyson, and all the others, there is no particular credit due to any person who boasts of his arrays of first editions, for anyone with money may have them."

The above paragraph contains nine distinct statements, all alike inaccurate. We take them *seriatim*:—(1) The demand for Mr. Ruskin's works is *not* "much less pronounced now than it was a few years ago." At no time have "collector's editions" of Mr. Ruskin's books been more eagerly sought for than they are to-day; whilst Mr. George Allen, Mr. Ruskin's able publisher, can bear witness fo the increasing demand for the current issues of "the Master's" writings. (2) At no time has an ordinary copy of the 'Stones of Venice' realised £20. The present value of an example in proper state is £16 16s., and the sum obtained for an isolated specimen in bad condition is no criterion of value. (3) The example cited of the 'Stones of Venice,' sold at Sotheby's in November, 1892, for £6 17s. 6d., was a wretched copy, badly "foxed," and having names in ink stamped upon the titles! And yet Mr. Roberts would argue that because an exceptionally fine copy brings one day something approaching £20, and because an exceptionally bad one another day realises only £6 17s. 6d., therefore the value has fallen to a proportionate degree. (4) 'Modern Painters' is one of the only two of Mr. Ruskin's books which have *not* kept up in value. The other is the 'Examples of the Architecture of Venice,' a ponderous folio issued in 1851. The reasons for the temporary depression in value of these two books would occupy too much space to detail here; suffice it to say that they have merely responded, as all articles of commerce must, to the inevitable law of supply and demand. (5) Each volume of 'Modern Painters' should *not* be of the first impression. As originally planned, 'Modern Painters' was to have been bare of illustrations, and the first volume was issued in crown octavo size. As the work proceeded, and Mr. Ruskin conceived that marvellous series of plates, which give to the book its chiefest glory, it was found necessary to enlarge the page to royal octavo. To have 'Modern Painters' in "collectors' state," it is necessary to obtain the *third* edition of Vol. i., and first editions of Vol. ii. to v. (6 and 7) Beyond these two works, first editions of Mr. Ruskin are *not* "very cheap, and are *not* "very common." To refute these two untruths completely would occupy at least a page of The Bookman. Suffice it to say that whilst there are probably some *hundreds* of perfect sets of both 'Modern Painters' and 'Stones of Venice' extant, there are many other books *of which fewer copies than could be counted upon the fingers of one's hands are known to bibliographers!* (8) "Anyone with money may have them!" If Mr. Roberts will be good enough to procure the above-mentioned "common" books, or *any* of them, there are plenty of eager buyers waiting to produce the money with which to pay for them. (9) "As with Tennyson," etc. If Mr. Roberts, from among the multitudes of "cheap and common" books, which he doubtless encounters daily, will only select and send me 'The Lover's Tale,' of 1833, and 'The Victim,' of 1867, the cheque I will gladly forward him in return will not be a small one; and, whilst engaged upon his benevolent task, he might add 'Enid and Nimue' also!

Thomas J. Wise.

NEW BOOKS.

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S NEW BOOK.

The charming volume offered to the public under the title "Life's Little Ironies," contains two collections of admirable stories, written, as we learn by the appended dates, in quite recent years. The delicacy of diction, the sweetness of simple English, the purity and charm of style which adorn Mr. Hardy's greater books will here be found in the highest degree. Still faithful to his beloved Wessex, in the "Ironies" he has rather chosen to write of individuals who leave the native village for a larger world. Thus, in 'For Conscience' Sake,' he tells us of one Mr. Millborne, who "had come to London as a young man in a banking-house, and had risen to a post of responsibility." In middle-age he remembers with regret his broken promise to the girl who loved him. Filled with remorse he returns to find her ostensibly a widow, prosperous and respected, with their daughter now grown to womanhood and on the verge of marriage. He makes a tardy reparation. His old love is persuaded to become his wife. But "there are some derelictions of duty which cannot be blotted out by tardy accomplishment"; and finding his daughter's marriage imperilled by his presence he at last sorrowfully withdraws. That is the whole history, and none but a true artist could produce a work of power from material so slight.

But many of the stories are too deep for irony—they are unutterably sad. It is unfair to rob the reader of his pleasure by telling the tale in advance; and of 'To Please His Wife,' only sufficient shall be indicated to explain the extract which follows:—

Joliffe, a sea captain, after many years ashore, returns to sea, prompted by his wife, who envies the superior position of the friend of her girlhood now married to a rich merchant. He brings back wealth, and from a canvas bag pours a mass of sovereigns and guineas into her lap.

"There!" said Shradrach complacently. "I told'ee, dear, I'd do it; and have I done it or no?"

Somehow her face after the first excitement of possession did not retain its glory.

"It is a lot of gold, indeed," she said. "And is this *all*?"

Here in half-a-dozen words Mr. Hardy reveals the innermost recesses of a human heart; but this story sounds the depth of tragedy and is well worthy of the creator of 'Tess.'

So much then for 'Life's Little Ironies'; but what are we to say of the colloquial sketches, entitled 'A Few Crusted Characters,' which form the latter portion of the book? Here on the van of 'Burthen, Carrier to Longpuddle,' we meet a party of country folk, and everyone tells a story after the manner of the Canterbury tales. The characterisation is excellent, and Mr. Hardy has never written anything finer or funnier than 'Tony Kytes, the Arch Deceiver,' or 'Absent-mindedness in a Parish Choir.' Every page is full of humour, every line has point. To breathe a single word of these quaint anecdotes would be a villainous breach of confidence. Let the 'Crusted Characters' be left to tell their own tales. But can anything be more attractive than a list of the narrators?

"At five minutes to the hour there approach Mr. Profitt, the schoolmaster, in a soft felt hat, and Christopher Twink, the master-thatcher, and as the hour strikes there rapidly drop in the parish clerk and his wife, the seedsman and his aged father, the registrar, also Mr. Day, the world-ignored local landscape-painter——."

Who could desire to travel in better company, with the author of 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' for guide, philosopher and friend? WALTER RAYMOND.

SOCIAL ENGLAND.*

Can we not detect just now a revival of that demand for encyclopedias and books of reference which prevailed at the beginning of this century? If so, it is due to somewhat different causes. Among them the most efficient is perhaps the Library Movement, which for good and for evil is rapidly transforming the whole book-manufacturing system. No doubt the true first cause is to be sought in the fearful fecundity of the Press, in the multitude of elaborate works which each treat a given subject from a different point of view. To know anything worth knowing of any topic from Mary Queen of Scots to Argentine Bonds, you must wade through shelves of controversy and then draw your own conclusions. That we conscientiously do with regard to the two or three subjects which are our profession or our hobby. But in other branches the Gentle Reader or Book Glutton reads pretty much what he happens to see reviewed, or what the library-attendant puts into his hand. To-day it is a Gospel of Positivism and a Plea for British advance in Africa—to-morrow it is the Visions of Mme. Blavatsky and an historical crucifixion of Cortez and Pizarro. Some of our censors complain that we read poorer books and know less than our fathers. Much of our literature no doubt is rubbish, but our ancestors read rubbish too, only that has mostly gone behind the kitchen fire long ago, and we judge them by the greater books which alone survive and which in their own day were possibly more praised than thumbed. The average book now, however slovenly written, contains more sound information, and that more conveniently imparted, than works which once enjoyed a European reputation. We read and we manage to remember a vast deal on all sorts of subjects, but all learning, nay even some science, is now so personal and subjective that we feel that what we know is not the facts, but the views of just two or three of the eminent authorities about those facts. When men bought books they chose them carefully; the libraries now enable us to read discursively and with a hardened conscience. The result is a craving for something not brilliantly personal, but severely abstract; we have read what A and B have said on a certain topic; we want to know which and what and how much we are to believe. We want to have the revised facts, the latest results of enquiry, the sound sober middle view, definitely and plainly set down that we may get it all up. Thus the Lending Library, by enabling us to skim almost at random a host of books, tends to produce a demand for formal books of reference; but that is not all. It also tends to limit our private collections to the same useful, if scarcely delightful treatises. To form a decently complete and properly chosen library of General English Literature of less than 10,000 volumes would drive any nervous man crazy. What then is the average householder who has the run of a big Town Library to put on his few poor parlour shelves? If Froude, why not Gardiner? if Pusey, why not Spurgeon? if Herbert Spencer, how about Kant? ought not Darwin to be balanced by Weissmann? To buy one and reject the other betrays an invidious and expensive partiality, so his library at last groups itself into three classes. First there are his private and personal treasures—the favourite volumes of his youth which he still knows almost by heart, a few which he has learnt to love and has bought later on, and two or three others, such as his father's Milton or his sister's Keble, which he values from their associations. Secondly, there are the stray, ill-assorted books which have somehow got upon his shelves from time to time, and which as they are not worth selling serve as furniture. Lastly, there are the books of reference, the compendiums, the handbooks, and the encyclopedias which he now buys and almost daily uses. On the whole his plan is a sound one. No doubt the man who reads such books only would soon become a stupid pedant, but on the other hand he who has not got them at his elbow when he skims the new books borrowed from the library, is more or less wasting his time.

These considerations present a justification as well as an augury of success for Dr. Traill's ambitious venture. Its scope is encyclopedic. That is quite in character with what we have been saying. He proposes to treat exhaustively, in this "Record of the Progress of the English People" throughout every period, our "Religion, Laws, Learning, Arts, Industry, Commerce, Science, Literature, and Manners." The true student will no doubt shrink from this formidable array. He will prefer to have separate books of reference for certain of these branches; for others in which he takes no interest he requires none at all. He does not want his Architecture served up with his Trade Statistics, or his Magna Carta wedged in between Scholasticism and the Spinning-wheel. He is by no means blind to the advantage of having all these separate threads traced in parallel order and co-ordinated by a master mind, but that he will hardly expect in a work compiled by various hands. The general reader, on the other hand, is less exacting. The Progress of the English People is not too big a subject for him, and he expects to find in it something of everything. Besides, if he reads steadily through this first volume, for instance, which comes down to 1272, his general notions of each epoch are likely to be clarified and strengthened by the orderly arrangement of subjects. The work in short is a library in itself, and that is its sufficient justification.

Another point, the collaboration of authors, is of equal significance. To twine together so many and such refractory strands into an even cable demands the strength of a giant, and among the score of contributors to the present volume none are precisely giants—about half are Oxford tutors. Dr. Traill, as editor, might perhaps do it, but one hardly sees how, since each writer, as an expert, must be left pretty much to himself. Yet, to tell the truth, this perfect harmony is not indispensable. The work has no æsthetic pretensions. The writers are not expected to air their own paradoxes in lively essays, but just to state plainly what the accepted authorities on their special subjects have laid down. So long as they do that, they will do well, and will do quite enough. The work will be sooner, better and more fairly done by many hands than by any one, and the less style and ornament it displays the better it will please those for whom it is intended.

This volume, so far as we have tested it, seems very well compiled, but we cannot pretend to have read it through. It just reproduces the skeleton of what we have all been learning and teaching for the last twenty years, and with most of it we are only too familiar. Some sections indeed are necessarily so brief, that one doubts if it were not more expedient to omit them entirely. However, it is very hard to judge how they may strike the popular reader. Dr. Traill's Introduction is comprehensive and ably written, but of course scarcely novel. While it would be invidious to single out any one of the contributions for special commendation, we may remark that the writers seem to have been selected with considerable judgment, and appear to have entered heartily into the spirit of the undertaking.

Our only fear is lest the book should founder from its sheer weight. This early period is plain sailing, but when

*'Social England.' A Record of the Progress of the People. By various writers. Edited by H. D. Traill, D.C.L. First volume. (Cassells.)

he reaches the Modern Period Dr. Traill owns that he will have to divide and subdivide his ten main threads of Social History. In fact, for each period the number of volumes will go on increasing in geometrical progression, unless the work is to be seriously curtailed in scope. Thus we may ask, of what earthly use would be a single volume on the "Religion, Laws, Learning," etc., etc., of the eighteenth century? Dr. Traill, indeed, in his Introduction tells us a good deal about his plans, which he has evidently thought out very completely, but there is no Preface from which we might possibly have gleaned something definite as to the proposed number of volumes. However, we can only hope that so laborious a work may be brought to a successful conclusion, for it certainly bids fair to supply a distinct demand. Y.Y.

THE RAIDERS.*

In his new story Mr. Crockett is himself a raider; far into the heart of the country of romance he penetrates, daring much, and proving his right and his might on its highways. There are as many pitfalls and lurking dangers for the literary adventurer into this land as can possibly beset the most reckless of his heroes. His invention had need be as sharp as his gallant's sword; his temper gay, like his lady's eyes; his step must be confident and his course swift. Nothing else matters, unless he be weak enough to fear the prowling critic with the ill-digested learning who will pull him by the sleeve to whisper that his hero's oaths are not of the epoch of his armour or his shoe buckles. For if dulness, unreality, and false sentiment are dangers only too possible, and carrying heavy punishment, his reward, if he escape these, is great—great even in problem-mongering days. The enthusiasm roused by the cleverness and fidelity of some study of contemporary manners, the stirring of the nature by some subtle revelation of the heart of man, these may be strong emotions, but never so keen as the gratitude that repays a good romance. There are incomplete persons who cannot read adventure, just as some are born who cannot feel the scent of violets in a spring wind, and some whose hearts never beat to the rhythm of music. If those to whom romance is a dead thing were sensible of their affliction, it would be as cruel to speak of its joys to them as to glory in the lust of the eyes in the presence and hearing of a blind man. Well, to romance land Mr. Crockett has ventured, and you know he is in the right temper for the venture in the very first sentence: "It was upon Rathan Head that I first heard their bridle-reins jingling clear." And he has brought back such a trophy, that we bid him rest well that he may the more speedily take the road again. For whatever be his place among his brother romancers, and it is yet too soon to say, he is a man with a good story to tell, and there is no more profitable kind of person dwelling under the sun.

To come to particulars. Doubtless Mr. Crockett will often be reminded that had 'Kidnapped' never been written, 'The Raiders'' phrase and accent had been other than they are. Mr. Stevenson invented the style for this generation at least. The imitation is not unhappy, though Mr. Crockett has not taken time to pick his steps among the old speech so fastidiously as Mr. Stevenson, to whom the lapses and failures here in tone and tune would have been impossible. But Patrick's shrewd reflections are certainly more forcible given in something like the words he would have used, while at every other page we are reminded of the wealth of fine local expressions this manner of narration greatly helps to preserve. If the style be suggested by 'Kidnapped,' Patrick may be said to be derived from David Balfour. Indeed he is David with but a slight difference—barely the difference, perhaps, that should have shown itself between a Galloway lad and one from the south-eastern counties—a trifle less worldly prudence, a trifle more tenderness. Silversand, whose emotional nature breaks out at times in contrast to Patrick's undemonstrative temperament, might be said even to have a distinct kinship with Alan, were we searching for likenesses. The truth is that, so far as David is concerned, he is looked on now as a type of the Lowland lad, and Mr. Crockett may hold the common and very tenable view that in romance the characters should always tend towards a traditional type, and that invention is best exercised on the incidents. He has certainly not gone to Mr. Stevenson to borrow his heroine. May Mischief, in her sharp-tongued, "daffing," tomboy stage is partly traditional, but when she is won, her frank, affectionate nature takes its natural course, which includes none of the pruderies, the petty jealousies, and the tiffs, which a much-respected convention has assorted, pigeon-holed, and labelled "feminine" for the convenience of writers of fiction. Silversand, the real hero of the story, I like so much that I criticise him unwillingly, yet the alien, exotic temperament of the gipsy is hardly enough suggested. He might rather be a Highlander. But it is not a novel of character, and it does not stand or fall by the fashioning of its personages.

It is a story of wild life just after the Great Killing, bitter memories of which still remain, and do not tend to nurse a respect for law. The sheriff's writ does not run speedily or with success in Galloway. Smuggling is an incident in the lives of the most orderly, while the more desperate of the Free-traders, the more lawless of every sort, can count on the aid of the gipsy clans for their darkest enterprises now that John Faa, their lord and earl, has separated his fortunes from theirs. At such a time and in such a land, lived Patrick Heron, the young laird of Rathan, a barren island in the Solway. He was not aware that he loved May Mischief—his comfort had been to call her "impudent besom" over and over again when her teasing was inordinately humiliating—but when she was carried off to be the bride of Hector Faa he learnt the facts of the case with certainty. It is the rescue journey into the heart of the wild country, the return raid of these gipsies, the mysterious comings and goings of Silversand, not the love incidents, that enthrall you, and make you read the story with a swift and eager interest.

Apart from the story which is his own, there is another thing Mr. Crockett can claim. There are traditions of character which a romancer may adhere to and so save his invention. But one thing he cannot borrow with impunity. There is, to-day at least, no tradition by which to describe the outside world. A story-teller may leave it alone, but if he call in the scent of the sea, the sound of the wind, the shape of the hill-side, or the colours of the sky to help him in his picture, then no help but a dead weight will these be unless they have spoken to his heart with separate friendliness. So-called nature-description is not much insisted on in 'The Raiders,' but the whole book is steeped in the open air. However thick may have been the walls of the room that shut in the writer and his manuscript, while he wrote the wind over a moorland country was in his ears, and in his eyes the glory of morning on the Solway. G-Y.

* 'The Raiders.' Being some Passages in the life of John Faa, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt. By S. R. Crockett. (Unwin.)

CUCKOO SONGS.*

Mrs. Hinkson has more than one of the poetic qualities. To all who read the poetry of to-day that needs no proving. But there is a quality akin to the poetic ones, their handmaid, which has always been in her service, but has never been used to such purpose before—a delicate artistic sense, which presents itself to one's mind mostly as a light hand, finely touching a word here, there shaping a melody, but always doing less than it refrains from doing; a hand that knows when to leave well alone, and in defiance of the clamouring idea refuses to risk the frequent artistic ruin of completeness. The note most apparent in the 'Cuckoo Songs' might be named simplicity. It is something deeper than simplicity that has instinctively chosen old metres, old legends, home dramas, and bird songs, to rhyme upon and sing about, and joined them to primitive metres, old refrains, that has brought in no jarring learning, no alien modern thought; nor has allowed the rough and crude melody of words to be softened where softening would take away from the native taste and tone. This crisp, rough touch is just the artist's mark, which the copyist will always strive to obliterate. There is a gem called "A Sad Mother." One

* 'Cuckoo Songs.' By Katharine Tynan Hinkson. 5s. net. (E. Mathews and J. Lane.)

need quote little else, for it shows perfectly this quality of putting down the essential lines of a picture and then leaving it alone. The mother is sitting of a late autumn night, and hearkening to

"The patter of leaves, it may be,
But liker patter of feet,
The small feet of my own baby
That never felt the heat.

The small feet of my son,
Cold as the graveyard sod;
My little, dumb, unchristened one
That may not win to God.

'Come in, dear babe,' I cry,
Opening the door so wide.
The leaves go stealing softly by;
How dark it is outside!"

"The Resurrection: A Miracle Play," may have its faults—at least, we look to Mrs. Hinkson doing something still better in this direction—but at least there is a genuine spontaneity about it. In the very spirit of the old miracle plays, she has let her human fancy loose, confident its vagaries will never do hurt to the spirit of the mystery, Says Magdalene to Him whom she takes for the gardener,

"Are you the gardener of this place?
Kind sir, I cannot see your face,
Because the tears so quickly race
That they have drained me blind.

I am in trouble, sir, or else
Should say how sweet your garden smells,
Your musk and Canterbury-bells,
In this most sweet south wind."

BRAND.*

In spite of the "ism" and the "ites" that cluster about his name, in England, at least, Ibsen is looked at narrowly. The first idea that occurs to nine out of ten persons in connection with him, has reference to social problems and the marriage laws; that the social problems form but a stage, to which he has been driven by force of his passionate interest in human character, is not clear to them. That he was first of all a poet, and is so now, though he does his best, for reasons good or bad, to hide it, needs teaching even still. And no wonder; for Mr. Wicksteed's lectures, Mr. Archer's metrical translation of 'Peer Gynt,' and now Professor Herford's 'Brand' are about the only serious attempts that have been made in England to interpret the poetic side of him. To think of Ibsen as concerned only with social problems is incomplete; but the worst of it is that an idea has seized hold of many that he not only states problems but solves them, than which nothing could be further removed from the truth. He has a wonderful sense of the logic of events and character—a teacher in the popular sense he is not. But his sense of logic is complicated in this way: he has an analysing eye, and sees the inevitable future warring of things that grow apparently together and in accord. His fifth acts are presentations of the difficulties and alternatives of life rather than solutions.

'Brand' is typical of this complexity of Ibsen's method, a complexity which reflects the world and his own mind, and so in many ways the poem is a better introduction to his meaning and his "message," if he have one, than any of the later plays. Besides, in some of its passages, he touched his highest point. It was not only verse he foreswore in these social dramas, but vision and the truth that is never fully seen apart from beauty. There is as much "message," to use an almost canting term, for to-day in 'Brand' as in 'Hedda Gabler' or 'The Master Builder,' and it is spoken in the tongue that, whether it reaches quickest or not, reaches furthest and resounds the longest. He will come back to it soon, perhaps, and, with the added experience of the days that have passed since he wrote 'Brand' with a fiery pen may write a drama that will bring to his feet all those whom his social studies leave interested but cold.

* 'Brand.' A Dramatic Poem. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated in the original metres, with an Introduction and Notes by C. H. Herford. (Heinemann.)

Professor Herford's translation can be read with admiration and delight. The lyrical metres, rough, but often sweet and always vigorous, are given with force and music and conciseness. This will serve as an example of some of tho scourging tones—

"Try every man in heart and soul,
You'll find he has no virtue whole,
But just a little grain of each.
A little pious in the pew,
A little grave—his father's way,—
Over the cup a little gay—
It was his father's fashion too!

* * * * *

A little free in promise-making;
And then, when vows in liquor will'd
Must be in mortal stress fulfill'd,
A little fine in promise-breaking,
Yet, as I say, all fragments still."

Till now 'Brand' has had to be read either in the original or in the creditable but not quite satisfactory prose translation of Mr. Wilson, or in German. The version before us is both faithful and literary.

To discuss 'Brand' there is neither space nor need here. Every student, or even intelligent reader, of modern literature should know it at first hand. With all its crude symbolism, and its story, when told in cold, slow prose, uncertain and unconvincing, it is yet brimful of wit and shrewdness; it has sunbursts of rare beauty; and its knowledge of character is profound. But besides, those who are not hot-headed enthusiasts can still hold as a cool conviction that there has been no other such picture of human nature warring with itself and circumstance, since 'Hamlet.' Let us not here measure distances, or think fastidiously of artistic differences. Professor Herford, in his close and ample study of the poem, has come nearer Ibsen than any of the other English interpreters. Mr. Wicksteed draws moral lessons from 'Brand'—says here Brand went wrong—it was in this way that his doctrine, "All or nothing," wrecked him, and so on. Professor Herford also is pretty sure that Brand's end was the fruit of a mistake, but he realises, or, at least, expresses far more forcibly, the magnificence of the mistake, if mistake it was. Ibsen never lets you fail for a moment in your allegiance to the fiery soul and will—unless, of course, they have never captured you. It is only your common sense, or your sense of hopelessness and difficulties, that follows the Mayor and the Dean and the trembling flock down to the valley. Your heart stays up with Brand in the Ice-church. Ibsen balances the mistake and the heroism distractingly before your eyes. Perhaps it is too much to say he lets you choose as you will. But surely the only comment, when the curtain falls, is, "In Death I see not overthrow."

G-Y.

MARGRÉDEL.*

A new writer, whose first story appears in *Blackwood's Magazine*, has a claim to be regarded with interest, and Mr. Meldrum fully justifies that claim. His work has a strong individual character, whose leading feature is a certain austere reserve; and his people not only have clearly marked personalities of their own, but they have in common the character of their own place and time. This is cleverly managed by the introduction of a subsidiary character. Beatrice Morley, the London young lady, brings out into strong relief by her presence the aspect of Kirkcaldy folk and their manners a little after the time of Napoleon's wars; and the deeper lying differences of nature show themselves when the Oliphants are set beside the French professor and his niece, Margrédel, French born, but bred in Kirkcaldy. The story is the story of the Oliphants, a house founded by a barber, whose personal beauty bewitched an heiress. He married her with the curse in his ears of a girl whom he deserted; and the curse rested upon the women of the house, so that there were always men of the race, handsome and sinful; but their wives and daughters died young and wretchedly. What Mr. Meldrum tells is how the house was brought down to two brothers, and the younger of them would not marry, partly from fear of the curse,

* 'The Story of Magrédel: Being a Fireside History of a Fifeshire Family.' By David Storrar Meldrum. (Blackwood and Sons.)

partly because he had been crossed in an honest love—a new thing for an Oliphant—and how the elder was what all the Oliphants had been, and brought sorrow upon his wife, but was partly redeemed by the love of his children; till at last, by an accident, the child born of his old sin entered his house as a stranger, and in all innocence brought about the death of his two children. The interest is rather in the fortunes of the house than centred upon any single character; but Douglas Oliphant, the elder brother, is the most striking figure; a wild, fierce nature, who with the egoism of a savage loves his children better than his wife, for they are part of himself.

The book is a remarkable performance. and carries with it the promise of better work still. Another story will probably run more smoothly; and Mr. Meldrum will have to correct a certain obscurity of phrase. "Synecdoche is the heart's figure of speech," he says; this is a concise way of putting a true thing, but it is not every reader who will look out "synecdoche" in Liddell and Scott, as one reader at least was constrained to do. S. L. GWYNN.

A NEW BLAKE.*

Another edition of Blake, and one for popular reading, shows how at last and speedily the old mistrust of him is dying. The complete Blake, edited by Mr. Ellis and Mr. Yeats, with its fine reproductions, and its fearless and proud inclusion of all the prophetic books, proved only the existence of enthusiasts. But the numerous recent selections from his works, each of them a little bolder, each introduced by words less apologetic in tone, are proofs that general readers of poetry are now expected to have overcome their timidity.

The editions one may most justly compare with the present are the Aldine and Mr. Lawrence Housman's of last year. Apart from the question of the text, the differences are, briefly, these: Mr. Yeats has been more fastidious in his selection, and has omitted several poems to be found in the others, such as Fair Elinor, the Prologue to Edward the Fourth, Samson, and a few besides, that he holds to be mere boyish experiments, and, therefore, inadmissible in a selection, which must in any case be too brief; he has also omitted most of the epigrams and satirical pieces on art and artists, judging these to have a biographical rather than a literary interest. He has added, however, a few poems not in the other editions, which he regards as having distinct poetic merit. His extracts from the prophetic books are considerably fuller. Mr. William Rossetti, in the Aldine edition, gave no prose; Mr. Housman gives a good deal, and so does Mr. Yeats, and his extracts are less hackneyed, if anything of Blake's can yet be said to be hackneyed, and more representative of Blake's turn of thought, his central and characteristic ideas. Indeed the prose extracts are in some ways the most interesting portion of the volume. They are excellent reading for those who have, with docility or from indolence, believed Blake to be mad. Let them take this, for instance—and not hastily dismiss it as a paradox—"Men are admitted into heaven not because they have curbed and governed their passions, or have no passions, but because they have cultivated their understandings. The treasures of heaven are not negations of passion, but realities of intellect, from which the passions emanate, uncurbed in their eternal glory. The fool shall not enter into heaven, let him be ever so holy. Holiness is not the price of entrance into heaven. Those who are cast out are all those who, having no passions of their own because no intellect, have spent their lives in curbing and governing other people's by the various arts of poverty and cruelty of all kinds. The modern church crucifies Christ with the head downwards. Woe, woe, woe to you hypocrites." And here is another for them to ponder. "He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments, and in stronger and better light, than his perishing mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all. The painter of this work asserts that all his imaginations appear to him infinitely more perfect and more minutely organised than anything seen by his mortal eye. Spirits are organised men."

* 'The Poems of William Blake.' Edited by W. B. Yeats. The Muses Library. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

In reading over the prose extracts—and his poetry, too, for that matter—one realises how much of a conscious artist was Blake, an artist that regarded his calling not as a mere vehicle for the expression of spontaneous, unorganised emotion, but who searched after its laws, theorised about it, and waited on it continually. Who in England, in his day, had felt or expressed the laws and limitations of art as he has done? We talk a great deal about the matter to-day, and what we say is mostly borrowed from our friends across the Channel. But Blake had a clear consciousness of much of what we grope after, in an age when Art was not at all a fashionable topic of conversation.

As to the text, it is not exactly like that of the Works (Quaritch), and it differs very considerably from the Aldine edition, the latter of which Mr. Housman followed, though not slavishly. It is as far as possible the text of Blake, the alterations being reduced to a minimum. One interesting and, to most readers startling, change in the beautiful "Garden of Love" is the omission of the two first stanzas, "I laid me down . . . Driven out, and compelled to be chaste." These are printed as a separate poem, on the strength of a strong line in the MS. marking Blake's intention. There are considerable differences in "The Little Vagabond," and "The Grey Monk," and to "Infant Sorrow." Mr. Yeats gives an interesting continuation, which tells of the child's reconciliation, and then further quarrel with life. We are reminded of the dangers of commentating by "Spectre and Emanation," which Mr. Dante Rossetti called "Broken Love," and about which he wrote, "Never perhaps have the agony and perversity of sundered affection been more powerfully (however singularly) expressed than in the piece called *Broken Love*. . . . There is his 'spectre,' the jealous pride which scents in the snow the footsteps of the beloved rejected woman, but is a wild beast to guard his way from reaching her; his 'emanation' which silently weeps within him, for has not he also sinned? So they wander together in 'a fathomless and boundless deep,' the morn full of tempests and the night of tears." And so on, forgetting or ignoring the verse, omitted in the Aldine edition.

> "Till I turn from female love,
> And root up the infernal grove,
> I shall never worthy be
> To step into Eternity."

His far fetched interpretation, Mr. Swinburne did not accept. Perhaps, however, where the text shows most important change from the commonly known versions is in the remarkable "Everlasting Gospel." None of the selected editions give all of it, but this one has the fullest version, and it does what every reader of the poem must consciously or unconsciously have called for—made the splendid, inconsequent (because misplaced) fragments into a whole. Blake the great revolutionary is here, ready to overturn all, deny all that the world has bowed before, since his own inward belief is other.

> "God wants not man to humble himself,
> That is the trick of the antient elf,
> This is the race that Jesus ran,
> Humble to God, haughty to man;
> Cursing the rulers before the people,
> Even to the temple's highest steeple.
> And when He humbled Himself to God,
> Then descended the cruel rod,
> If thou humblest Thyself thou humblest Me,
> Thou also dwellest in Eternity."

The literary judgment and conscientiousness of the editor are evident throughout. Mr. Yeats has given us as nearly a perfect Blake as could be imagined, and the Muses Library is a dainty home for a poet to dwell in. The introduction, a delightful bit of writing, is never rhapsodical. It introduces with confidence, and there is far from it that spirit, half patronage, half apology, which has never till Mr. Yeats and Mr. Ellis set upon their task of interpretation, been absent from references to the Prophetic Books. "Whatsoever they were," says Mr. Yeats, "presences or mere imaginings, the words they dictated remain for our wonder and delight. There is not one among these words which is other than significant and precise to the laborious student, and many passages of simple poetry and the marvel of the picture remain for all who cannot or will not give the needed

labour. Merlin's book lies open before us, and if we cannot decipher its mysterious symbols, then we may dream over the melody of evocations that are not for our conjuring, and over the strange colours and woven forms of the spread pages." And yet, and yet—while entirely out of sympathy with the scoffers who are not at all superior but very indolent—must we subscribe to a belief in the "precision" claimed for all the words, did we but comprehend them? Poets have some kinship with human nature, and even in this respect that they babble at times. They continue to take themselves seriously when their brains are half asleep. They have even bursts of high spirits, and are overcome by waves of melancholy when the poetic nerves are not touched. If they seek expression then they are at least liable to talk nonsense as we do. Is it even fair to deny them this likeness? Most of them are too much men of the world to show these moments, but Blake was not at all a man of the world. This is, however, only modestly offered as a slight modification of the doctrine of plenary inspiration.

SOCIAL EVOLUTION.*

Competent judges will probably pronounce this to be one of the greatest books we have had since Darwin's 'Origin of Species.' It is indeed only an application of the laws of evolution there enounced, but it is so wide in its survey, so penetrating in its insight, so sustained and masterly in its argument, and so surprising in its conclusions, that for intellectual ability it may be set on a level with any book of the century. In style it is dignified and easy, reminding us sometimes of Mr. Lecky, sometimes of the author of 'Ecce Homo.' Its conclusions will not be accepted without discussion, and will probably find their place in the stream of modern thought only after modification; but there cannot be two opinions about the author's strong originality and admirable faculty of exposition.

Believing that all departments of knowledge which deal with social phenomena have their true foundation in the biological sciences, and that the laws of biology have hitherto been to a detrimental extent ignored by the historian and the economist, the author attempts a thoroughgoing interpretation of the progress of society or civilisation in terms of biological law. He starts with a fresh and lucid exposition of those conditions of progress with which evolutionary science has made us familiar, bringing into prominence the immense cost to the individual of the progress of the species. "Progress everywhere is evident, but the way is strewn with the unsuccessfuls who have fallen in the advance." This inevitable sacrifice of the individual, of the tribe, of the generation, to the progress of the race is vividly impressed upon the mind of the reader. But the question emerges, What function has the human reason in this evolution? Will not the effect of reason be to check this progress? Will not man by consulting for his own interest and by seeking the good of those immediately connected with him, and by refusing to be sacrificed to a future or universal good, effectually check this natural progress of the race? "How is the possession of reason ever to be rendered compatible with the will to submit to conditions of existence so onerous, requiring the effective and continual subordination of the individual's welfare to the progress of a development in which he can have no personal interest whatever?" The answer given by our author is that it is incompatible, that there is an irreconcilable antagonism between the interests of the social organism and those of the individuals comprising it at any time. "We stand, as it were, at the centre of the great maelstrom of human history, and see why all those systems of moral philosophy, which have sought to find in the nature of things a rational sanction for human conduct in society, must sweep round and round in futile circles. They attempt an inherently impossible task. The first great social lessons of those evolutionary doctrines which have transformed the science of the nineteenth century is, that there cannot be such a sanction." Must human progress, then, come to an end? Must reason prevail and guide the masses to adopt socialistic schemes which will secure their own present advantage at the expense of the checked advance of the race? That is not our author's opinion. Although reason dictates such a policy, there is another feature in human history even more influential and central than reason. That is religion. And religion supplies a super-rational sanction for the social conduct of the individual. "A religion is a form of belief, providing an ultra-rational sanction for that large class of conduct in the individual where his interests and the interests of the social organism are antagonistic, and by which the former are rendered subordinate to the latter in the general interests of the evolution which the race is undergoing." Religion provides that fund of altruistic feeling which reason would abolish. The inferences regarding socialism and religion which may be drawn from these positions are obvious and of far-reaching consequence. The author does not fail to draw them with a firm and bold hand. It may be rash suddenly to criticise so weighty and able an argument, but did it not occur to the author that, after all, he himself has scarcely confined himself to biological law, although there is a law of biology, neglected by him, which might have solved his problem for him without laying so enormous a strain on religion?

Marcus Dods.

*'Social Evolution.' By Benjamin Kidd. (Macmillan and Co.)

JUNIUS REVEALED.*

A thrill at the notion of the complete identification of 'Junius' is no longer possible, for to all but a few obstinate doubters the question was a settled one long ago. It would hardly be possible to enrol any considerable number of members in a society which should have as an article of faith that Francis was not Junius, or which should rally round a Burke or Gibbon or any other cryptogram. And then the historic sense is not a very common one, and even some of those who think of the controversy with interest look nowadays at Jnnius's invective with critical eyes. It may not be so wonderful in style as it was in daring; yet, plunge where you will into the letters, you will find something very well fashioned according to its own pattern, admirably self-confident, grimly terse; while the boldness of purpose they reveal will always be rare.

It is Francis's grandson who says this "final word," but family knowledge has not helped him very much, for Sir Philip never owned up altogether even to his own son. Family traditions are slightly corroborative, but nothing more. There is little in the book which was not in Parke's Memoir, and Thistleton's. They at least knew all Mr. Francis's evidence, but they seem to him not to have used it quite conclusively. And, strictly speaking, he is right.

The features of his book are these: He recapitulates the internal evidence for Francis's authorship, and in some cases supplements it—the agreement in opinions, for instance, between Francis and Junius, in literary style, the similarity of culture, of spelling (surely a broken reed, this); he treats the matter biographically, in relation principally to Francis's timely Indian appointment, and relates the remarkable fact about the seals—four out of five of Junius's seals were used by Francis. But all this he discusses only as supplementary to the proof contained in the handwriting. To the handwriting he attaches extreme importance, but handwriting is always unconvincing evidence. The feigned hand of Junius is declared to be the same as that in the handwriting of an envelope addressed to Miss Giles, containing a poem in the handwriting of a Mr. Tilghman. Tilghman was a kinsman of Francis, and they were staying together in Bath, when the poem was sent Many years afterwards Francis sent the poem to a friend as a sample of his early verses. This has been related before; only now fac-similes of all these documents, along with the feigned hand of Junius on a proof sheet, are submitted for inspection. And Mr. Francis would have it known that on a fac-simile of the handwriting on the envelope being shown to the younger Woodfall he exclaimed, "Good God! why, that is the feigned hand of Junius."

And so surely it is. But whatever the experts in handwriting say, the likeness between the experiences, sentiments and temper of the fiery old Sir Philip and of Junius will always seem the best evidence. Sir Philip was very proud of the letters, they say, and would dearly like to have owned them. Unless his ghost is over sensitive as to the incredulity of obstinate doubters, it need no longer walk the earth waiting for ample recognition.

*'Junius Revealed.' By H. R. Francis. (Longman.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THE KING OF SCHNORRERS, GROTESQUES, AND FANTASIES. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Manasseh Bueno Barzillai Azevedo da Costa was a Sephardi, and King of the Schnorrers by virtue of his sublime mixture of dignity and impudence. By the Schnorrers, be it said, are meant Jewish beggars—a very different race from Christian ones, by-the-bye—much surer of their position, less shamefaced, and infinitely more successful. Manasseh fleeces portly Joseph Grobstock, the East India Company's director, and accepts his unwilling hospitality with princely condescension, makes theatre-doorkeepers tremble before him, and lead him and his disreputable companion to the most luxurious box, defies the august Mahamad, the great Council of Five that directed the affairs of the Spanish-Portuguese community, terrifies them by his audacity, his towering personality, his knowledge of the law, his tact, and his cool knavery. His career is one huge triumph from the time we first meet him to the day he hands over to the synagogue five score of sovereigns, in payment of his vow on the occasion of his daughter's wedding, part of a sum he had with consummate boldness and skill wrung from his wealthy co-religionists. The balance of five hundred pounds he sent, too, "stipulating only that it should be used to purchase a life-annuity (styled the Da Costa Fund) for a poor and deserving member of the congregation, in whose selection he, as donor, should have the ruling voice. The Council of Five eagerly agreed to his conditions, and a special junta was summoned for the election. The donor's choice fell upon Manasseh Bueno Barzillai Azevedo da Costa, thenceforward universally recognised, and hereby handed down to tradition, as the King of *Schnorrers*." There is genuine wit in the story, and abundant good nature to enable Hebrew readers to swallow it without wry faces. There are many other stories in the volume, sad and cheerful, and all are plentifully illustrated, but there is none, besides the first, of sufficient distinction to need special mention.

A STUDY IN COLOUR. By Alice Spinner. Pseudonym Library. (Unwin.)

"Alice Spinner" has dared to upset our most cherished notions about the West Indian coloured folks. In her stay amongst them she had looked at things with her own eyes, very humorous eyes, won the sympathy of many of the natives, and gathered stories of a few. The result is a book very fresh, very new; sad, perhaps, but not melancholy. The writer sees a twinkle in most things, unless where tragedy meets her in the face, and that is rare. She does not make the mistake of regarding things too seriously, and she is willing to tolerate the existence of a different scheme of morality from her own, if reasonable persuasion fails to convince that hers is best. In her little portrait gallery of coloured women the types are all strongly drawn, the variations picturesquely marked, but in nearly every case their fate is decided by such sentiments as Justina flippantly expresses. Justina "was attractive, and had, of course, admirers in plenty. The black and brown ones she dismissed at once with careless disdain. 'I no eben tink ob dem, missus, and I no stand to hab a dark husband. Dey common as pineapples, to be had for de tukin up;' and she tossed her head proudly, until her earrings jingled." To have a baby with a face a shade or two lighter than her own is the height of a woman's pride, to attain which some little irregularities are permissible, but church membership, and the payment of six shillings a year, should be signs of repentance following soon after. It is a topsy-turvy world of devotion and lawlessness, fawning admiration for aliens, childishness, vanity, affection, and dark superstitions. Complete or not, "Alice Spinner's" description is evidently a picture straight from life, and as such of real value. She is an admirable picturesque reporter. Whether she is likely to develop into a good story-teller, her book does not reveal.

THE BURDEN OF ISABEL. By T. McLaren Cobban. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

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NOVEL NOTES.

THE KING OF SCHNORRERS, GROTESQUES, AND FANTASIES. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Manasseh Bueno Barzillai Azevedo da Costa was a Sephardi, and King of the Schnorrers by virtue of his sublime mixture of dignity and impudence. By the Schnorrers, be it said, are meant Jewish beggars—a very different race from Christian ones, by-the-bye—much surer of their position, less shamefaced, and infinitely more successful. Manasseh fleeces portly Joseph Grobstock, the East India Company's director, and accepts his unwilling hospitality with princely condescension, makes theatre-doorkeepers tremble before him, and lead him and his disreputable companion to the most luxurious box, defies the august Mahamad, the great Council of Five that directed the affairs of the Spanish-Portuguese community, terrifies them by his audacity, his towering personality, his knowledge of the law, his tact, and his cool knavery. His career is one huge triumph from the time we first meet him to the day he hands over to the synagogue five score of sovereigns, in payment of his vow on the occasion of his daughter's wedding, part of a sum he had with consummate boldness and skill wrung from his wealthy co-religionists. The balance of five hundred pounds he sent, too, "stipulating only that it should be used to purchase a life-annuity (styled the Da Costa Fund) for a poor and deserving member of the congregation, in whose selection he, as donor, should have the ruling voice. The Council of Five eagerly agreed to his conditions, and a special junta was summoned for the election. The donor's choice fell upon Manasseh Bueno Barzillai Azevedo da Costa, thenceforward universally recognised, and hereby handed down to tradition, as the King of *Schnorrers*." There is genuine wit in the story, and abundant good nature to enable Hebrew readers to swallow it without wry faces. There are many other stories in the volume, sad and cheerful, and all are plentifully illustrated, but there is none, besides the first, of sufficient distinction to need special mention.

A STUDY IN COLOUR. By Alice Spinner. Pseudonym Library. (Unwin.)

"Alice Spinner" has dared to upset our most cherished notions about the West Indian coloured folks. In her stay amongst them she had looked at things with her own eyes, very humorous eyes, won the sympathy of many of the natives, and gathered stories of a few. The result is a book very fresh, very new; sad, perhaps, but not melancholy. The writer sees a twinkle in most things, unless where tragedy meets her in the face, and that is rare. She does not make the mistake of regarding things too seriously, and she is willing to tolerate the existence of a different scheme of morality from her own, if reasonable persuasion fails to convince that hers is best. In her little portrait gallery of coloured women the types are all strongly drawn, the variations picturesquely marked, but in nearly every case their fate is decided by such sentiments as Justina flippantly expresses. Justina "was attractive, and had, of course, admirers in plenty. The black and brown ones she dismissed at once with careless disdain. 'I no eben tink ob dem, missus, and I no stand to hab a dark husband. Dey common as pineapples, to be had for de tukin up;' and she tossed her head proudly, until her earrings jingled." To have a baby with a face a shade or two lighter than her own is the height of a woman's pride, to attain which some little irregularities are permissible, but church membership, and the payment of six shillings a year, should be signs of repentance following soon after. It is a topsy-turvy world of devotion and lawlessness, fawning admiration for aliens, childishness, vanity, affection, and dark superstitions. Complete or not, "Alice Spinner's" description is evidently a picture straight from life, and as such of real value. She is an admirable picturesque reporter. Whether she is likely to develop into a good story-teller, her book does not reveal.

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being helped by the curious story of his belief that he was to be called to the throne of Greece. Aristocrat in every sentiment, Bohemian in every habit, with no social ambitions, unspoilt of fortune, he was an alien all his life. So in his art: the feelings and opinions of modern life are as little in his prose and verse as in Gautier's. To Gautier and to Baudelaire he is in some respects allied; that is, he shared their passion for their art, their long searching after adequacy of expression. But the result is different; he might just as well have lived in the fourteenth century or the twenty-first for all his surroundings suggested to him. His fame has not yet come to him, and when it comes it will have no wide reach perhaps. He died three years and a half ago. There are signs that he is not going to be forgotten: this book is only one of them.

APHORISMS from the writings of Herbert Spencer. Selected and arranged by Julia Raymond Gingell. (Chapman and Hall.)

"Every part of conduct which directly or indirectly affects welfare has an ethical aspect."

"Everyone is from time to time surprised by other's behaviour, and even by the deeds of relatives who are best known to him."

"Maladministration of justice raises, very considerably, the cost of living for all."

"A man's character may be told by the company he keeps."

These strikingly brilliant gems of thoughts might have shone with less radiance had another name than Mr. Spencer's protected them. There are many more of the same kind in this book, compiled by his most indiscreet friend. It is said he "approved" of the selections. Perhaps in a wild moment of discontent he craved for popular recognition, and saw a chance of it if someone would be industrious enough to carefully select all his platitudes. Whether they have won his approbation or not, they have not won that of his discreeter friends, who as they read are reproachfully confronted in every line by "the wronged, great soul of a" —well, at least, venerable "master."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. A Narrative of the Events of his Life. By James Dykes Campbell. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

The lengthy and appreciative review which Mr. Dyke Campbell's Life of Coleridge received in these pages on its first appearance, as the Introduction to the Globe edition of the poet's works, makes a detailed notice now superfluous. It was an excellent thought to reprint the life separately in its present handsome form, for not only is it a very important criticism on Coleridge, but it is by far the most authoritative biography of him that exists, or that is likely to be given us, till Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge's appears. It has been revised thoroughly, and certain passages have been expanded. An admirable reproduction of Peter Vandyke's portrait of the poet at the age of twenty-three, now in the National Portrait Gallery, forms the frontispiece.

THE TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE. Edited by I. Gollancz. Vol. I, The Tempest. 1s. and 1s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

This enterprise of Messrs. Dent deserves unalloyed praise. The "handy" and the "pretty" editions of Shakespeare we are familiar with lack scholarship. The text of this one is revised from the Globe edition, and Mr. Israel Gollancz can be trusted with the rest of the editing. Type, shape, size, are satisfactory and artistic, and the binding is durable enough for the wear and tear of a pocket volume. The title-pages are to be by Mr. Walter Crane, and each volume will have a photogravure—the first one having the Droeshout portrait. We need only wish the 'Temple Shakespeare' all the success it deserves.

THE HOME LIFE OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS. Translated from the German of Professor H. Blumner, by Alice Zimmern. (Cassell.)

An interesting and valuable book worthily translated. Miss Zimmern's own knowledge of the subject has stood her in good stead in rendering Dr. Blümner's facts with intelligence. The work is a condensation of much learning and research on all the familiar facts of life—birth, marriage, death, food, dress, education, exercise, religion, amusement, trade, and crafts. From poetry, from the drama, from history, oratory, vase paintings, statues, and inscriptions, have the facts been culled, and without over-due straining where these are scanty they have been pieced together to make vivid, striking pictures. Most of the best works on the different subjects, Helbig, Blümner's other books, and Büchenschütz, are in German. There was certainly no such convenient reference manual as this before in English. The chapters on Costume and on Gymnastics are specially good. The illustrations taken from the original book are numerous, and add greatly to the clearness and value of the descriptions. A book of this kind put into the hands of a struggling student of Greek, not yet conquered by the literature of Greece, would give a more human interest to his study.

THE KESTREL'S NEST AND OTHER VERSES. By Alfred Cochrane. (Longmans.)

Mr. Cochrane is of that small tribe of minor bards who never tempt the ire of the most censorious critic. The big things of life he does not think the stuff for his verses. He is only metrically inclined in his playful moods. For *vers de société*, parodies, and all the lighter service of the Muse he is well equipped; he has grace, good taste, a light hand, a full consciousness of the tendencies of the day, humour and good humour. There are no failures, though those like "The Kestrel's Nest" that sing of country haunts, are not complete successes. "The Ballade of Moderate Circulation" is in his better strain—

"Although I do not flood the town,
Morocco-bound and silken-lined,
One listener I can always find,
One listener patient and sedate,
My public, though select, is kind,
I am my lady's laureate."

So is "The Ballade of Classical Music"—

"Then when the rapt, attentive throng,
The *morceau* done, to talk are free,
Hark! how there float the cult among
Strange words of mystic grammarie—
A whisper of a 'theme in E,'
Gossip about a 'tenor Strad,'
Things that mean naught to you and me,
And still sweet music makes us sad."

But our keenest interest is stirred by the address to "Miss Peggy," (ætat 6).

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD. By Professor Church. The *Portfolio*. Monographs on Artistic Subjects. 2s. 6d. (Seeley).

Professor Church's biographical and descriptive account of the great Master Potter and his work is excellent. He is a connoisseur in the work, and an enthusiast for the man, and the combination gives the right tone to his essay. But he has reduced his own words as far as possible in order to leave room for illustrative examples of Wedgwood's work, and these—plates as well as illustrations in the text—are so finely reproduced as to give one the keenest pleasure. These *Portfolio* monographs, which we owe to Mr. Hamerton's planning, are an excellent idea, and far more satisfactory than any number of miscellaneous scraps joined together under one magazine cover, especially when they are brought out with such care and artistic finish as this and the two previous ones have been.

THE REVIVAL OF IRISH LITERATURE. Addresses by Sir Chas. G. Duffy, Dr. Sigerson, and Dr. Douglas Hyde. 1s. (Unwin.)

Excellent addresses, well worth reprinting. They have all the same object, that of rousing the spirit of nationalism, not by political action, but by the humanising influence of literature. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy points to the Young Ireland of his own young days, and tells what Thomas Davis did to unite the different factions and religions and races. Dr. Sigerson speaks hopefully of the fine result of the blending of the Celtic and Teutonic genius as exemplified in the Sagas. Dr. Hyde tells of the great mass of native resources for culture open to Irishmen, bids them value these, and not borrow what they can never properly assimilate. Dr. Hyde's is a rather scolding address, but it is good-humored, too, and should be effective in arresting the progress of that vulgarising movement which is stamping out Irish individuality in speech, literature, names, and costume. In all the addresses there sounds clear a note of love for the work the speakers have taken up, and hope in its success.

TENNYSON AND HIS PRE-RAPHAELITE ILLUSTRATORS. By G. S. Layard. (Stock.)

The book has an interesting subject; there is interest, too, in its treatment of the subject, if not great value. It

is but a collection of stray notes, without much coherence, but containing here and there things to arrest the attention. One of its objects, a worthy one, is to give Mr. Holman Hunt his due place in the movement, and this is done with no more generosity than justice, though the tale of Hunt's method of teaching Rossetti to paint will almost undo the impression in the eyes of every artist who reads it. The individualities and capabilities of the three chief illustrators of the Tennyson quarto of 1857—Rossetti, Millais, and Hunt—are, at least, intelligently suggested. But the reproduction of some of the illustrations, also of two of Mrs. D. G. Rosseti's watercolours, and of Rossetti's sketch of Tennyson reading 'Maud,' are the features of the book of most general interest.

THE STANDARD DICTIONARY of the English language. Vol. I. (Funk and Wagnalls.)

Volume I. of a vast undertaking is in our hands, and the whole work it is expected will be finished in a few months. Without forswearing the other dictionaries compiled in England and America that have served our purpose excellently, we are bound to bear testimony to the convenience, the erudition, and the comprehensiveness of this new one now issued in so handsome a form by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls. The most prominent American philologists have been at work on it, and English scholars have had their say too; while specialists for the various departments have been largely consulted. Nearly all its special features are good, its patent index reference, for instance, its pages of coloured illustrations, its marked absence of pedantry, the fulness of its vocabulary which consists of nearly 300,000 terms, a fact of value even though it means the inclusion of such words as *abusee*, *anklong*, *demote* and *enhansive*. The comprehensive rule, "omit no word found in a living book—that is, in a book now read by any considerable number of people," has been followed. Phonetic spelling has by no means been ignored, but it is not insisted on. The compounding of words has been as far as possible reduced to a scientific system. All these features are excellent, and each of them has been well carried out. A special point of the dictionary is the presentation of the ordinary meaning first, the original meanings and the etymology coming after. This seems to have commended itself to many, if not to us, and though it seems to confuse the historic interest of the words, it may be a useful innovation in what is meant primarily as a popular dictionary. Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls' many editors have done their work well, and those who have access to the volumes will not often find it necessary to consult any other for scholastic or literary purposes.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

Regulations for Young Author's Page.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. *(An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.)*

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

HE WOULD BE AN AUTHOR.

Letters to a Young Writer.

IV.

. . . Could I get you a little reviewing to do? Would the *Tomahawk* print anything in that way if you sent it? You have never done anything of the kind, but it seems to be a way literary persons have of beginning their career, and you wouldn't mind trying your hand at it. You have nothing of your own ripe in your head just now, so you may as well concern yourself with other people's things. Well, about the *Tomahawk* printing your first attempts I am doubtful, but if you stick to your ambitions you'll probably have to enter journalism by one or other of its doors to earn your bread and butter while your great works are in the making, so it is none too soon to learn a bit of the trade. And in journalism reviewing comes handiest to anyone of a bookish turn. At the same time criticism is a work for which young untrained writers are highly unsuited, but this again does not prevent my advising early and constant practice in it to all who are ambitious to excel and succeed in literature, but who have not as yet been manifestly called to it. One of the most startling facts regarding the shoals of young writers' MSS. which pass through my hands is not their native want of ability, but the evidence they show of indifference to literature. Their contentment with poor models is surprising. Perhaps the writers have been too much at school, and have had little time. At all events, the fact remains so; and reviewing at least sends a reviewer to books. Ideally, reading may be the worst of all preparations for the career of a literary creator; the sky of heaven, the human heart, and human actions should, perhaps, give all the early experience needful. But I think the history of authors, even great ones, would show that as many have been sent to the closer study of nature and humanity by books, as by the observation of humanity and nature to literature. And if reading does not give the artist his impulse, at least it teaches him his craft.

The reviewer is not born but made. Of course, he must have certain natural gifts, chiefly moral, but these were not exclusively designed by Providence for his calling. It is not altogether a glorious career, this; its records have been stained many times with blunders, incapacity, and injustice. They hide, too, a mass of excellent and forgotten work. But, inglorious as it may be, the work, in the present state of things, is in demand by publishers, by authors, perhaps even by readers. It is a way of eking out a more or less honest livelihood, and it is about as good a literary exercise as any young writer could be led to.

It has a past, even among press-hacks, by no means without honour. Men of genius have used it as a way of interpreting themselves as well as the author they set out to write on. It has high traditions as well as ignoble ones, and though it is not a career flattering to the vanity, it is to-day an eminently respectable one. A little log-rolling and much inaccuracy are nearly the only stains on its present reputation in England. But as there is the higher, so there is, in a literary sense, the lower criticism, that which, according to common belief, is the work of the office-boy. And to save you from this office-boy kind of criticism I have suggested some training or preliminary practice, which many journalists will pooh-pooh, as something impossible and altogether needless. I would only remind such that Herbert Spencer's 'Ethics' once got into the hands of the wrong man of a newspaper staff, who dismissed it in a line or two, urging the obscure author to choose a subject more suited to his abilities, and to give some little attention to the rudiments of the matter. This is reported to be one of the few jokes Mr. Spencer ever really enjoyed. Then there is the criticism which an editor finds useful for filling space, which offends people as little—unless they be particularly impatient of stupidity—as it informs or stimulates. It repeats the commonplaces of the world without a blush, and would serve up the multiplication table if it could only manage to vary the phraseology. Hazlitt knew its author intimately, in social intercourse as well as in the press. "The following list of his opinions may be relied on:—It is pretty certain that before you have been in the room with him ten minutes he will give you to understand that Shakespeare was a great but irregular genius. Again, he thinks it a question whether any one of his plays, if brought out now, for the first time, would succeed. . . . He wonders that the author of Junius was never found out. . . . He thinks there has been a great improvement in the morals of the higher classes since the reign of Charles II." And so on. Our stock phrases and stale dicta are other nowadays, but the spirit of commonplace is always the same. Then there is the review of the book that has never been read, which is generally full of vaguely and guardedly complimentary adjectives, an exercise this not without practice in mental dexterity and in the art of saying nothing gracefully, and guarding your reputation for judgment, but not one likely to commend itself to young writers whose imagination and ambition will instinctively put them in the wronged and disappointed author's place.

What I mean by training for reviewing is little more than this. While you have leisure, pay the homage of agreement or disagreement with the books that interest you, without a thought whether your manuscript is to be seen by other eyes than your own. Many a one has done this kind of thing in the leisurely days of his youth who never published a line of literary criticism. It matured his mind and made him into a reader, which to-day is a much rarer thing than a writer. Even a young literary aspirant should have a past behind him, and did it consist in an acquired habit of literary judgment it would be valuable capital.

There is a style of criticism in vogue just now, particularly attractive to young writers, because it has two fascinating qualities: it is difficult of achievement, and it looks very knowing. Criticism generally resolves itself, in the end, into like and dislike, but these are ordinarily supported by reasons based on laws of style and taste which represent a great weight of tested opinion. But so-called impressionist criticism, in stating its likes and dislikes, omits the reasons, trusting entirely to moods. Now, criticism where the personal equation is large is always interesting, and may be valuable. But to be valuable it demands a better stocked mind and memory, a wider experience and tolerance, than young people generally possess. It presupposes, too, judgment that has been in work so long or that is naturally so quick that its motions are almost unconscious and automatic.

The straightforward descriptive style is best of all for beginners, especially if the exercise be looked at with regard to its chief use, to make good readers. Find accurately the purpose of your book, if it

has one, or the situation, or point of view, if it is a work of art. Can it be fairly and not too remotely compared to any other? If so, wherein are the two different? Is it to be regarded as an interesting narrative, or as a contribution to information, or as literature? Illustrate your statements by the aptest quotations you can find. They may sound very puerile, these directions, but hints against slipshod work are not often superfluous. Choose by preference books that are not new. Find out the pith and marrow, for instance, of 'Esmond' or 'Emma,' 'Cinq Mars' or 'Les Trois Mousquetaires,' of 'The Essay in Criticism' or 'The Prelude,' of 'The Rivals' or 'Edward II.,' of Burke's 'Reflections' or Walton's Lives, or Cowper's Letters—to give a mere haphazard selection.

The argumentative method can be your next step. Here your account of the contents of your book will be stopped every now and again to notice the strong or the weak points, the novelties, the superfluities, or the absurdities. Examine, vindicate, and judge; only know something of what you are talking about. Learn to handle reference books skilfully, and to find your place in whatever library is at your disposal. Attack, but hit even a dead author fairly. Be as satirical as you like, when you feel assured you understand. You will be all the bolder that you are writing for yourself and not for a cold-blooded editor, and boldness is a good habit to begin with. But even at this stage it is well to become used to being generous to a writer who is antipathetic to you.

Side by side with such practice, in this your time of leisure, should run some study of the best criticism, best in style, or in sanity, or in the work put into it. Read Macaulay, whose reputation is for the present a little undeservedly obscured, and recognise the mass of reading and reference he had ready for every review he wrote. Read Lamb, and see how gracefully and gently he carries his weight of out of the way learning. Read Hazlitt, and learn how the criticism of other people's thoughts may be a vehicle of all that is most brilliant and original in a critic's own mind. Read Lowell, and catch some of his fervour for the great literature of the world. Read Carlyle, and feel the heat of his moral fervour and understand all he demanded from books. Read Sainte-Beuve and Taine, for you miss a great chance of literary education if you don't know French. I have named no living writers, it is not out of disparagement to the criticism of to-day, but because it is sometimes well to emphasize the fact that wisdom was not born this morning.

And when you have done this, and your editor gives you a chance, it may be to pronounce judgment on a worthless novel, or to summarise the merits of some work that has won your sympathies in ten brief lines. Such is the discipline journalism sometimes provides for her most high-souled helpers, but you will deserve to be a hack if you think your previous studies and your ambitious attempts were wasted.

AP IFAN.—Far too much sent. I have only as yet looked at the love songs. They are good on the whole. They have point and some originality. Nos. 1, 2, 5, 7, 11, and 12 are only fair, being either forced or commonplace, but Nos. 3, 8 (save in rhythm) 9, and 10 are distinctly good. In No. 4 it is difficult to reconcile one's self to the last line. Stars should be protected from that kind of thing. In No. 13 the line "Even as a part" and the last line are blots.

B. S. W.—Not at all bad. You might send it to a paper that accepts short stories. But, first, I should make it a little less elliptical. It is very difficult to read your exact meaning into asterisks, and I am not quite sure what happened after N. reached the inn.

BUSHMAN.—This is rhapsody, not verse. But you might versify it, putting it into a free metre. It is almost useless to suggest a metre, which should be ruled by the music of your thought. For a study of English metres I should advise your examining carefully a good anthology, say Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury.' You will probably find that practice of metre will not really "cramp your ideas," but compel you to clear them.

CARMENCITA.—I know no very reliable handbook of the kind you want. Besides, mechanically applied rules are little good. Perfection is nearly altogether a matter of ear, and your best study would be a collection of good lyrics. Learn them by heart, examine their metres, and try how they sing. Your own metre is faulty. You alter the accents too capriciously, and there are lines that would not sing very well, *e.g.*, "Happy, gorgeous flower-band." However, the worst fault is that there is little point in the song. A song, if it be not a rhapsody, and yours is not that, should have point.

CREDO.—A very careful statement of your point of view. For an essay to be read aloud, the style is good, clear, and to the point. You might offer it to a religious journal. Perhaps one that caters for young men would accept it as the opening paper of a discussion. In a discussion your facts might get disturbed. On p. 7 there is an astounding inference.

CROUCH END.—What could have possessed you to tell such an episode at the beginning of a critical study of any writer's work, living or dead? What connection had it with your subject? Leave such cruel indiscretions in future to the newspapers. The criticism is elementary, and not very promising. But there are one or two defects that might be pointed out. It is sometimes too vague, consisting of phrases like "very lovely." Where it is not vague, it is rather blundering, and suggests somewhat too narrow a knowledge of books for a critic. On p. 5 there is a most startling surmise—"I have wondered if Keats, had he lived, would have been such a poet as ——"!! For your soul's good I pray you may learn the difference between great and small. Then you quote a poem in refutation of a criticism, but confess you have not read it. You make reflections on another, which also you have not read. Your honesty does not strengthen your case. As for the reflections and regrets on p. 8, they are out of place in literary criticism. If their omission seems wicked, then literary criticism is wicked. Eschew it. In any case, for a time, until you have read and thought a good deal more, you will not make much of it.

ELI ELWAH.—It would certainly save you much after-disappointment were you to give up the thought of writing. Grammar, spelling, style, and sentiment, combine to make this advice urgent.

E. A.—Good, simple, practical style. There is little in it to call for remark.

FIRENZE.—Capital stories have been woven out of next to nothing at all, but it is a terribly difficult thing. Few beginners can put into such sketches the good work that is a necessary substitute for fulness of matter. Yours is not bad, only very flimsy. And it is particularly vague at the end. Did George move to Tooting or to another world? But by all means go on writing.

GUY NEWELL.—I don't think I should send it to a magazine—at least, not yet. You have got your story. Now work it up. It is monotonous in style, and hardly enough is made of the situation. The story is only a skeleton as yet.

IGNOTUS.—You tell a very pathetic story, but you do not show much promise of literary style. Your writing wants grip, and you are rather fond of making weak reflections. You evidently need practice, and abundance of reading.

JACQUES DE RAIMONDE.—For the interest of its subject it might get inserted in a magazine. But it needs revision. Some passages read almost like translations. Sentence 2 is of shocking construction. There are inversions on p. 5 which are not usual in English, and inadmissible as they occur. By "imaginary duty," I suppose, you mean "sinecure."

J. R. T.—No. 1 very good indeed. No 2 is good also as moral verse. Both are free from wordiness and awkwardness, and might go out to seek their fortunes. I can't say as much for the others. No. 3 is, I think, written in an unpleasing metre, and No. 4, while pretty enough, is a little trite in sentiment.

L. D. A.—A ghastly story, but as ghastly stories go, not bad in invention. In the style there is little promise. When you get into the thick of the horrors you improve, but the beginning is very poor and commonplace in composition. To suit your matter you should have adopted a rather ambitious, fine-sounding style.

L. W.—I think you have distinctly a gift for telling children's stories. Send this one to a child's magazine with a religious bias.

M. L. T.—Promising, as any genuine study of human nature always is. The style, too, is very creditable. I am not sure if one-figure sketches of this kind are popular in periodicals, but you might try your luck. In any case they are good preliminary training for a writer of fiction.

NEERD.—There is a sincere sympathy with natural things running through your verses, and there are some good lines. But they are not good enough to be left alone. "So cool and nice" won't do. And what do you mean by the river being "With faith replete"? The many rhymes of "fleet" coming with a jerk and at long intervals are awkward. And—but here you must consult your motives in writing verse—I would advise you not to moralize so obviously.

RUSTIC BARD.—Shows an appreciation of natural beauty, but as verse it will not do.

SAMBOETTO.—Amusing. Revise your metres a little, and send it to a comic paper or a popular journal. About "genius for poetry" I don't know, but you can string rhymes entertainingly, and that is not too common.

SARTOR.—Fair. There is not much in the matter or manner that calls for comment. You are a little too apt to use long words. Your spelling is not perfect, and you have evidently little practice in writing. But there are no very serious defects.

S. ETHELREDA.—Very carefully written. You may write good children's stories one day. This one might have a chance of success in a children's competition.

S. B. J.—Clear and vigorous in style. It would be more readable, and to the ordinary reader more convincing, if your statements of Butler's position, which are sound generally, were supported by rather more direct quotation. I can only suggest a college magazine as a possible harbour for it, though a religious periodical might print it.

THALIA.—You will probably soon be able to write pleasant stories for girls. This one is written in good enough English to present to an editor of a girl's paper. But I do not heartily advise you to send it. It is rather immature, and not very attractive. That is, your heroine is not very attractive, which, for your purpose, is a pity. She is just a little of a prig—serious-minded young persons often are at a certain stage. It is a promising but not agreeable trait. Then don't insist quite so much on her originality—or make her a little more original. Put a dash of humour into her; else no one will believe she will make a contented old maid. Go on.

VITA.—Poor in style. Colloquialisms and pedantic phrases are mixed, and they are not good company for each other. You have some notion of telling a story, and I don't wish to give a discouraging verdict, but only to assure you that you will want much practice before you can gain the swiftness, lightness, and aptness that are necessary to make something readable. They write queer French in Hayti.

WRYAN HALL.—I don't see much promise in it, beyond high spirits, which are always promising. You are evidently too young and too little trained to do much in writing for a good while yet. Even if you only aim, to begin with, at the lower branches of journalism, you should learn to punctuate.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Adeney, W. F.—The Theology of the New Testament, 2/6 Hodder and Stoughton

Bain, F. W.—Body and Soul, or the Method of Economy, 10/6 Parker

Bellar, Rev. W.—Our Inheritance in the Old Testament, Sermons, 3/6 ..... Sonnenschein

Book Fund and its Work, The, /6 ..... Passmore and Alabaster
[*A report of the recent work of the Book Fund, founded by Mr. Spurgeon to distribute religious literature among persons of various denominations, with letters from d'stributors and recipients acknowledging the benefit of the fund.*]

Brooks, P.—Addresses, with Introduction by Rev. J. H. Ward, 3/6 Dickinson

Bullinger, Rev. E. W.—The Witness of the Stars, 7/6 .... Bullinger

Cave, A.—The Spiritual World, 5/- ..... Hodder and Stoughton

Champness, T.—Plain Preaching for Plain People, 2/6 .... W. C. O.

Church, The late R. W.—Village Sermons Preached at Whatley. Second Series, 6/- ..... Macmillan

Daily Psalms: Evening Meditations for Every Day in the Year, by Author of "Daily Round," 3/- ..... Whitaker

East Syrian Daily Offices, trans. by A. J. Maclean, 8/6 Rivington and Percival

Farrar, F. W.—The Expositor's Bible. Seventh Series. The Second Book of Kings, 7/6 ..... Hodder

Foley, W. M.—Christ in the World, being Donnellan Lectures, 1892-93, 5/- ..... Parker

Geikie, C.—Landmarks of Old Testament History: Samuel to Malachi, 6/- ..... Nisbet

Geikie, C.—The Bible by Modern Light: Vol. 3, Samson to Solomon, illustrated, 6/- ..... Nisbet

Gelasian Sacramentary, The, Liber Sacramentorum Romanæ Ecclesiæ, ed. by H. A. Wilson, 18/-

Genesis of the American Prayer Book, 5/- net ..... Gay and Bird

Gospel according to Peter, a Study, by the Author of "Supernatural Religion," 6/- ..... Longmans

Harris, J. R.—Four Lectures on the Western Text of the New Testament, 5/- ..... Camb. Univ. Press

Hegel, G. W. F.—Lectures on the History of Philosophy, trans. by E. S. Haldane and F. H. Simson, Vol. 2, 12/- .. K. Paul

Hole, Dean.—Addresses to Working Men ..... E. Arnold
[*Perhaps, as Dean Hole himself suggests, the addresses may not call out the sympathies evoked by the living voice. As one reads, the living voice is lacking, for they were evidently not spoken with a view to after-publication. Their broad-mindedness and sincerity, however, give them value and interest.*]

Holland, Rev. H. Scott.—God's City and the Coming of the Kingdom, 7/6 ..... Longmans

Hunter, Rev. R.—The Sunday-school Teacher's Bible Manual, 7/6 Cassell and Co.

Huxley, T. H.—Hume, with Helps to the Study of Berkeley, Essays, 5/- ..... Macmillan

Littleton, C. J.—The Office and Work of a Priest, 3/6 .. Skeffington

Lyttelton, Hon. and Rev. A. T.—College and University Sermons, 6/- ..... Macmillan
[*Thoughtful and cultivated and liberal-minded discourses. Most of them have a distinctly practical tone as becomes sermons addressed mainly to young men.*]

Marson, C. L.—The Psalms at Work, being the English Church Psalter, with Notes, 6/- ..... E. Stock

Parks, L.—The Winning of the Soul, and other Sermons, 3/6 S. Low

Pool, Rev. J. J.—The Land of Idols, or Talks with Young People about India, 3/6 ..... Ward and Lock

Schuceh, Rev J.—The Priest in the Pulpit, from the German by Rev. B. Luebbermann, 6/- net ..... Burns and Oates

Seley, T. G.—The Holy Spirit and Christian Privilege, 3/6 .... Kelly
[*First of a series of theological works called the "Life Indeed" series. The opening volume is promising, being marked by much earnestness and little dogma.*]

Whyte, A.—Bunyan Characters, 2/6 ..... Oliphant
[*The second series of these interpretations of Bunyan's characters is quite as interesting as the first. Dr. Whyte never strains Bunyan's words or allusions needlessly in order to draw moral lessons. But he certainly extracts all the meaning, and surprises more careless readers by its amount. The book is delightfully printed.*]

Woodhouse, F. C.—Thoughts for the Times and for some Special Occasions, 2 vols., 3/6 each ..... W. Gardiner

FICTION.

Arbib, E.—Maria Countess of Saletto. Trans. by Sidney King Digby
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5. Skeat's Chaucer, 6 vols. (Clarendon Press).
6. Weyman's A Gentleman of France.

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(Second-hand.)

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MANCHESTER.

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LIVERPOOL.

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(Second-hand.)

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